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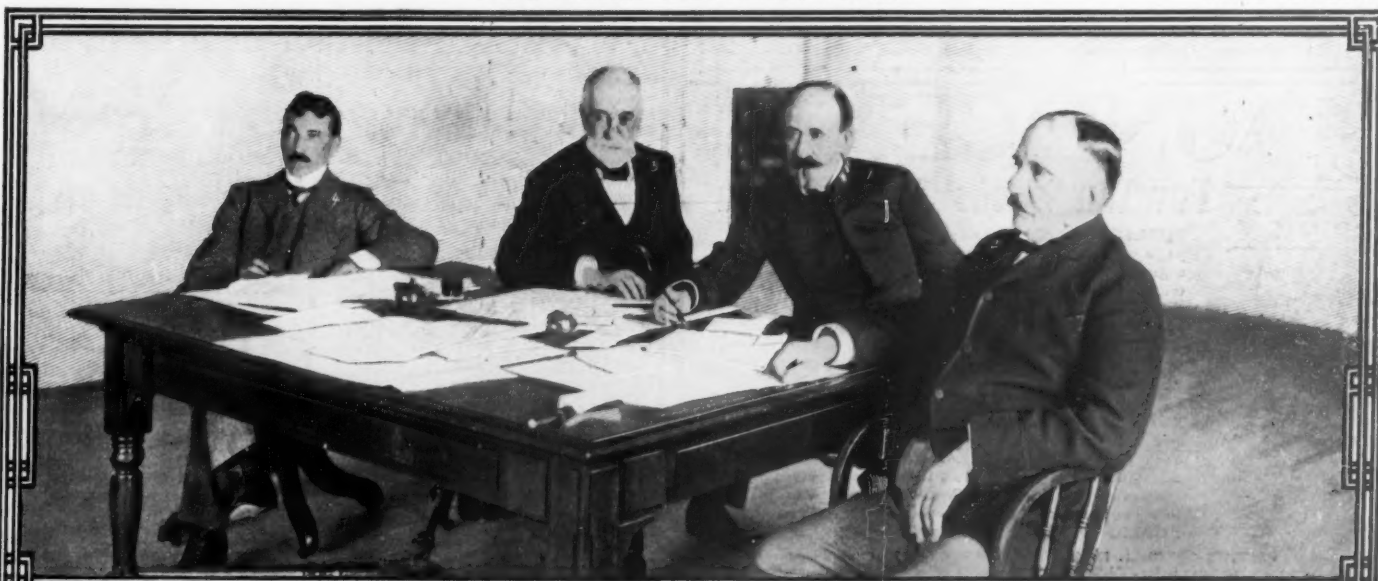
COLLIER'S

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

VOL. TWENTY-EIGHT NO. 3

NEW YORK OCTOBER 19 1901

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Admiral Schley, 1, Mr. Rayner, Counsel for Schley, 2, Captain Parker, Counsel for Schley, 3, and Lieutenant Wells, Schley's Flag-Secretary, 4, holding a consultation in the room set apart for their use at the Court.

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THE SCHLEY COURT OF INQUIRY IN SESSION.—Assistant Judge Advocate Hanna, 1; Admiral Benham, 2; Judge Advocate Lemly, 3; Admiral Dewey, 4; Admiral Ramsay, 5; Lieutenant Doyle, 6; Mr. Rayner, Admiral Schley's Counsel, 7; Captain Parker, Mr. Rayner's Colleague, 8; Admiral Schley, 9.

THE SCHLEY COURT OF INQUIRY AT WASHINGTON

(SEE PAGES 8 AND 9)

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This very desirable home is located about ten minutes walk from the railroad station. The lot is about 2 acres in extent. The house is of artistic design and well-finished. It contains 13 rooms and bath, 12 open fireplaces and small porch. There is, however, plenty of room for a porch to be built almost entirely around the house. The property is in perfect repair, needing only the installment of a heating plant to make it complete. It is remarkably low in price—\$3500—\$2000 down. I have other country properties in New England. Let me know your requirements.

Rudyard Kipling's beautiful estate at Brattleboro, Vermont, is now in my hands for sale. See illustration and description in my page advertisements in the October World's Work, Munsey's, and McClure's.

A Business and Residence Property in Milton, Pa.



This substantial brick store and dwelling is located on one of the principal business streets of Milton, Northumberland Co., Pa. It contains, in all twelve rooms and bath, has gas, city water, and is modern in every respect. It is used at present as a photographic studio, for which it is especially fitted. The business will be sold with the realty if desired. Or the location would make a good stand for almost any sort of business, and would yield a good income if fitted up for office purposes. Price, ready cash, \$7,000; with good-will of photographic business, \$8,000; \$2,000 cash is all that is required—balance easy terms. I have other good business property from Maine to California. If interested state location and price and I will send details.

W. M. OSTRANDER, 1418 NORTH AMERICAN BUILDING PHILADELPHIA, PA.

See illustrations and descriptions of numerous other properties in my large advertisements in Christian Herald, Munsey's, McClure's, Frank Leslie's, Everybody's, World's Work, Harper's, Cosmopolitan, Success, Pearson's, Current Literature, Outlook, Review of Reviews, Saturday Evening Post, Literary Digest, Smart Set and other high-class publications.

THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE

with a circulation of about six thousand copies, was purchased by Mr. John Brisben Walker in 1888. Last month the edition printed was 450,000 copies. (This was, however, exceptional.) It has grown without special effort, other than its distinctive editorial policy, which has been to secure the greatest minds of the world to discuss in advance of all other publications the newest problems in science, invention, education, government, and the relations of the individual. This has been done without ever losing sight of the side of interest, so that every member of the home circle, from the young boy or girl to the grandparent, would find each month not only something elevating and instructive, but also the most delightful of fiction, sketches of travel and interesting personalities concerning people worth hearing about.

In the very beginning great stress was laid upon illustration. THE COSMOPOLITAN engaged the best artists and engravers and fitted up its own photo-engraving and electro-

With an organization each year covering a wider field, and with a perfected system, THE COSMOPOLITAN hopes to make its fourteenth year the most brilliant in its history.

Subscribers very often postpone sending in their subscriptions until December and January, thus producing a pressure of business during those months which overworks the entire clerical force and causes more or less inconvenience and delay to the subscriber himself. With a view to anticipating the subscription season and scattering the work of the department having charge of these receipts more evenly, there will be sent to those forwarding subscriptions on or before October 25, a copy of The Pan-American Exposition Number.

THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE, Irvington-on-Hudson, N. Y.



THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE BUILDING, IRVINGTON-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

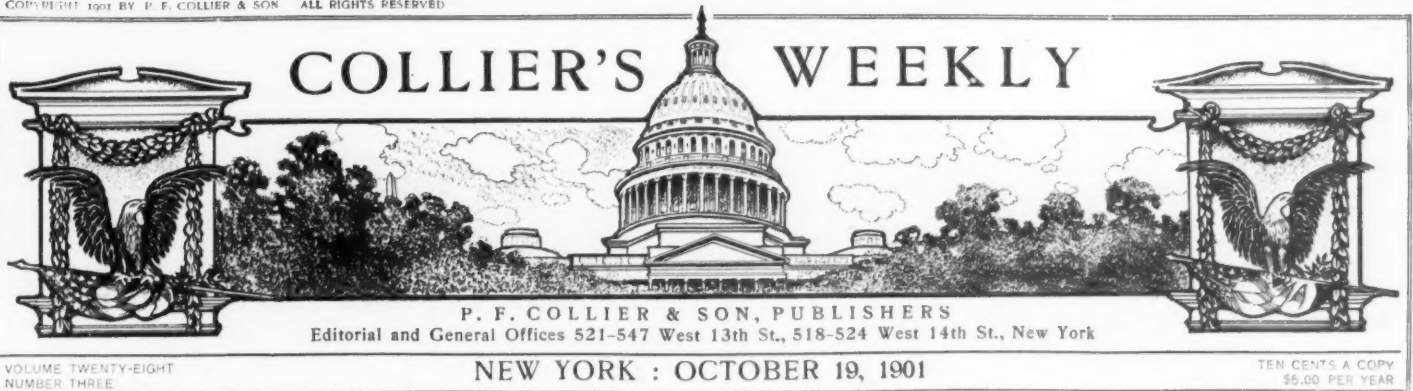
Youth's Companion—each of these brilliant periodicals has its own valuable and important field; but none will undertake to dispute with THE COSMOPOLITAN the long line of names of great thinkers and thoughtful articles which have been the distinguishing characteristics of THE COSMOPOLITAN's fourteen years. There is hardly a great name in the entire world of thought which has not appeared many times as a contributor to the pages of THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE.

type plants and its own press-room, even making its own ink and rollers in order to secure the most perfect artistic results.

The appeal which such a magazine made to the most cultured classes was immediately recognized. The magazine steadily increased in circulation until years ago it was able to claim the largest clientele of intelligent, thoughtful readers reached by any periodical, daily, weekly, or monthly, in the world.

Does any reader doubt this, he has but to consider the periodicals which claim an equal circulation—The Ladies' Home Journal, McClure's, and The

Advertising Offices: 180 Times Building, New York City.
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THE FEVERISH PERSONS WHO SAW ANARCHISTS lurking behind every tree, and wished to see them hanging from the same a few weeks ago, have regained a normal temperature; the advocates of a press censorship and the suppression of political caricature are sane again; and even the police, always keen to make a diversion of anarchy-hunting when the reformers are on their trail, have found the game not good enough and have released their worthless prisoners. In short, practically everybody now feels, as a majority of the people have felt all along, that there is no necessity for up-setting constitutional rights and the safeguards of free speech and instituting a sort of Reign of Terror because of one man's wicked deed. Senator Hoar put it very well the other day. He was addressing the Massachusetts Republican Convention. He said he and his hearers were Republicans, Northern men, native born, Protestant. But he felt that if all the Republicans and all the Northern men and all the native born and all the Protestants were to die, the work of upholding our government and protecting civil and religious liberty could be entrusted confidently to Southerners, foreign born citizens, Democrats, Catholics, or whatever the survivors might call themselves. "The anarchist must slay 75,000,000 Americans before he can slay the Republic," he said. He added his condemnation of legal interference with free speech and a free press. Their excesses must be restrained from "judicial sense of duty and not by law." And that is about all there is to say on the question.

IT IS HARD TO REALIZE THAT BRIGANDAGE IN its worst form still exists in countries not regarded by the globe-trotter as very remote, but we have had a demonstration of the fact in the last few days. In Boston and elsewhere religious people have been raising a large sum of money to pay for the release of Miss Stone, a missionary lady from Chelsea, who is in the hands of brigands in Bulgaria, some say Turkey. The State Department also has been working to the same end through the Foreign Offices at St. Petersburg and Constantinople. Brigandage as a means of livelihood has not entirely died out in Europe, or even been restricted to the cabmen of Naples and the Swiss hotel-keepers of Paris. Some parts of Greece, of Macedonia, of the Balkan States, and even of Italy, are overrun by bands of more or less picturesque ruffians who are not averse to varying their ordinary trade of smuggling, burglary and blackmail by a venture in seizing and holding for ransom. The chief of the missionary society for whom Miss Stone went out, very acutely observed that the society could not divert any part of its large fund to release the lady, because that would encourage the brigands to carry off other missionaries. Perhaps that will be just as much encouraged by the secular fund that goes through a banking-house. The numerous missionaries in Southwestern Europe and Asia Minor must have a care, unless Russia and Turkey can be persuaded to make such an example of the present villains that the trade in American missionaries will seem an extra hazardous risk. And the futility of the best intended police measures against this class of offenders is well enough attested by the failure to catch the Omaha kidnappers of the Cudahy boy, to prevent our State Department from doing much scolding.

TAMMANY HALL HAS RATHER OUTDONE ITSELF in the way of a political surprise by nominating Mr. Edward M. Shepard of Brooklyn for Mayor of the Greater New York. No one was thought to personify better the hatred of educated men of fine sensibilities to Tammany than Mr. Shepard. He has fought that organization in season and out of season, with enthusiasm and brilliancy; but when Tammany offered him a nomination, he accepted, not eagerly, perhaps, but by no means reluctantly. The nomination complicates the political situation in New York, for a great many men will vote for Mr. Shepard because they think he will be able to smash Tammany more easily from the inside than from the outside; others again will vote against him for the same reason, but from other motives; still others will vote for him in the belief that, no matter who presides at the City Hall, the real Mayor will sit in the reception room at the Democratic Club. Those opposed to Mr. Shepard are asking whether a man who is so ambitious for office that he will accept a nomination from a politician whom he has denounced as an enemy of mankind will not be too ambitious to resist

the blandishment of the boss when he is in office. The spectacle of a good man undertaking to drive the band wagon of the machine, and later appearing in the last row of the band violently blowing on a small pipe, is not unknown in Tammany politics. Mr. Croker is familiar with it. He seems content. If Mr. Shepard is elected, he will claim the glory; if he is defeated, he can say the reformers did it.

THE SPANISH WAR WAS A VERY SHORT WAR IN war time, but it lasts better in times of peace. The Schley trial was drawing to a close and the public was perhaps beginning to hope that the war was over when announcement was made that Mr. Alger had resumed hostilities. It is a book, of course. The former Secretary tells us how he disposed of the Spaniards on land and sea, and leaves no doubt in the mind of any dispassionate reader of the identity of the real hero of Santiago. He does not mention Colonel Roosevelt, which is well for the Colonel, since General Miles, who appears prominently, is accused of spreading misinformation, and Admiral Sampson is heavily condemned. Still, no one will begrudge Mr. Alger whatever pleasure he may derive from the publication. No man has suffered more from the war, and if the war suffered a good deal also from Mr. Alger, the country exacted a heavy penalty.

IT WAS REPORTED AT FIRST THAT AN AMENDMENT to the constitution of the Episcopal Church, long advocated by the Rev. Dr. Huntington of New York, had been passed by the Convention at San Francisco. This turned out to be an error. The vote was really adverse, a majority of the clergymen voting aye, but a greater majority of the laymen voting nay. The amendment provided for alterations in the prayer-book and form of worship by bishops, and permitted the temporary use of "old forms and directories of worship" by congregations not in union with the church, but "willing to accept the spiritual oversight of the bishop of the diocese." Dr. Huntington has at least three years more of work ahead of him. The trend of his project may be guessed from his speech, in which he asked Episcopalians to do what they can "to forward quietness, peace, love, among all Christian people." "A great change," he said, "is coming over the Latin Catholic Church. I believe the yoke of papacy will be thrown off. Then shall we be ready to welcome them on the right." Roman Catholic clergymen who have talked on the subject profess not to see much reason for Dr. Huntington's prediction. They point to the crumbling of every recent movement in the church that has had as either its primary or its secondary purpose the overthrow of papal rule.

A WELL-INFORMED WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT writes to his paper that the Isthmian Canal question is "all settled" so far as it involves our relations with Great Britain. The British Government is to acquiesce in the annulment of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. We are to be permitted to build and control the canal and American ships are to pay the same tolls as the vessels of any other country. This was almost a foregone conclusion in view of the hints dropped recently by the British Foreign Office and the Department of State. Meanwhile, the final report of the Isthmian Canal Commission is in preparation and will be submitted to Congress in December. The Commission is said to lean a little toward the Panama route. Some of the members seem to think that it would be cheaper to complete the work done there thus far by the French company. The trouble is, that in going down to Panama we should have all the political maneuvering to do over again with France as our customer. And dealing with France has never been a simple matter.

THE PRESIDENT HAS APPOINTED AS A FEDERAL District Judge ex-Governor Jones of Alabama, the most determined opponent of lynching in the South. The appointment is of additional significance because Mr. Jones is a Democrat of the anti-Bryan faction. Otherwise, Mr. Roosevelt's appointments, few in number, have been important only as showing the determination of the new President to respect scrupulously the promises of his predecessor. But there is talk of a "shaking up" in the New York Custom House. This is of interest chiefly to politicians. The public cares very little who administers the customs if they must be administered as they are at pres-

ent. But an order from the White House, which would destroy the mean and insulting espionage to which every one landing in this country is now subjected, would be vastly appreciated.

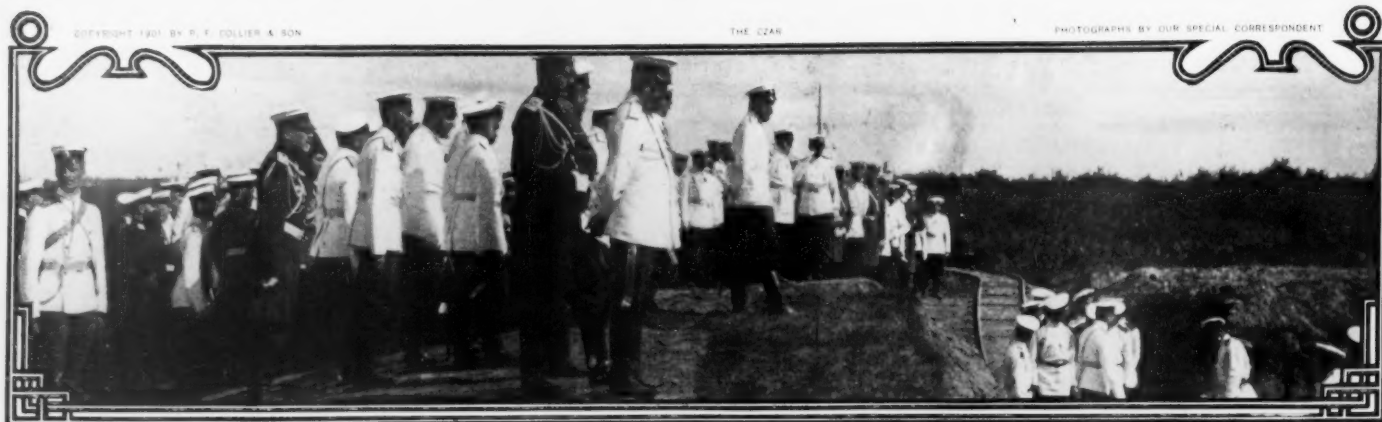
GENERAL KITCHENER'S PROCLAMATION APPARENTLY has won him no more favor at home than in South Africa. A pretty respectable demand has gone up for his recall. The British people were never in a gloomier mood than they are just now over the war. The voice of the London mob is stilled, and Frederick Harrison obtains a respectful hearing when he points out the folly of a "fight to the death." Even Rudyard Kipling has found the bounding verse unsuited to his present temper, and he complains bitterly (and in prose) of the "cynical levity" of advancing Sir Redvers Buller and Sir Evelyn Wood to important commands. General Buller is the warrior who found it always darkest before the dawn at Tugela River. General Wood is an old soldier, but none the better thought of for being old. He was Lord Wolseley's companion in the Crimea, and knows something of South Africa as South Africa was twenty years ago. He is a brother of the Mrs. O'Shea who was married to the late Charles Stewart Parnell.

INSTEAD OF CHILLING THE HEARTS OF THE CHALLENGERS, *Columbia's* "three straight" apparently have merely warmed up their ambition. The plucky Sir Thomas announces definitely that he will come again, and a German sporting editor suggests that the German Emperor may have a try for the cup. In the latter event, it would be no more than courteous if President Roosevelt should sail the defender. But come who will, there seems to be no great probability that the cup will pass out of the possession of the New York Yacht Club. Sir Thomas thought he had suggested a possible way when he said he might come over and hire Herreshoff; but Herreshoff himself has failed to build a boat to beat *Columbia*. It seems too bad. After the race everybody feels that the interests of sport would be best served by having the challenger make off with the trophy. But when another race begins it is different.

PERSONS WHO FANCIED THAT OUR LEADING financiers had suddenly acquired the Midas touch have been shocked by recent development in what are called "industrial securities." One after another combination of manufacturing and mining companies—glucose, linseed oil, copper—have displayed embarrassing losses. The case of the Amalgamated Copper Company has attracted the most general attention. In the language of the professional market advisers, it was to be "another Standard Oil." But it appears to be far from that. It has mined and manufactured more metal than it can sell and it has been forced to suspend its extra dividends. These developments are by no means a sign that the prosperity of the country is waning; they are merely a punishment of the old human failing of overdoing a good thing and a warning to investors of the danger of trusting too much to "tidal waves." "Tidal waves" have their periods of running out that are apt to be disastrous. A good many of the companies in which people are asked to put their money are like Poe's poetry as Lowell saw it: "Three-fifths real poetry and two-fifths sheer fudge." Unfortunately, a lot of innocent money has been paid for the fudge.

REPORTS OF THE SERIOUS ILLNESS OF KING EDWARD persist in spite of denials from official sources. It is announced that physicians who went to Balmoral were summoned to treat him for lumbago. That is not often a very serious disease even in royal personages. But at Copenhagen, which is a gossip little capital, they think he is suffering from cancer, and say so. The report is the more readily credited because of the persistence of this dreadful malady in his family. His sister, the Dowager of Germany, died only recently from the same disease.

IF THE EVIDENCE IN THE SCHLEY CASE HAS proved nothing else, it has proved that the logs of warships must be added to the three kinds of fiction described by Disraeli. Judged by their merit, they deserve a place between the other-kind-of lies and statistics. The expression "lying like a log" has gained a new meaning.



THE CZAR INSPECTING THE WORK OF RUSSIAN RAILWAY ENGINEERS IN THE FIELD

WITH THE RUSSIANS IN ASIA

By FREDERICK PALMER, Special Correspondent of Collier's Weekly in the East



BEHIND ME are over six thousand miles of travel in a straight line on the integral soil of a single nation; before me is the task of writing about—Russia! As sources of information I have the Official Guide of the Great Siberian Railway, which was written to please the Czar, and a notebook, written to please myself; while I trust that I am not prejudiced in favor of either authority.

Extend our territory westward to the Hawaiian Islands, cut down the Rockies to the height of the Catskills and the breadth of the Alleghenies, and make a floor of the rest, and you have some conception of the magnitude and the monotony of the journey.

MARVELOUS RESOURCES!

From isolated settlement to isolated settlement, the wonder which grew upon me was not at the size of Siberia—that stares at any one who looks at a map of Asia—but rather at the immensity of its natural resources. Multiply our wheat and grazing grounds of the West and Middle-West by five, if you wish to realize the extent of plain which entices the eye of Russian industrial ambition, whose hands are tied by gold braid. The picture of Siberia as a waste of snow, tracked only by wild animals and gangs of suffering convicts who march in chains toward a life sentence of misery, must take its place beside the popular delusion of the forties, that Oregon and Washington were valueless wildernesses. Siberia is cold and in some places wind swept in winter, but so are our great Northwestern states. In spring it, too, blooms with prairie flowers, and its black earth will yield as fine wheat as abundantly for as little labor as Dakota.

The second wonder is: how little Russia has done with the heritage which fell into her hands for the trouble of overcoming a few weak aborigines; why the people of Russia have allowed so slight a barrier (compared to the Rockies) as the Urals to keep them out of fields capable of feeding ten times the population of a land which has been so often famine stricken. With American "farmers" in the place of "peasants," I sometimes think that, by this time in the age of steel, there would have been no jangle of Powers at Peking, for Russia would have merely applied a Monroe Doctrine to China.

A PATERNALIZED RAILROAD

It is not in their law, their customs or their natures for the people to take any initiative of their own. The Government is father, mother and nurse; emigration agent, real estate agent and railway engineer, builder, owner and manager. No demand for the road came from the merchants who brought furs from the far Arctic regions by sleighs, and tea from China by camels. Its object was strategic; the uniformed intelligence of Russia, which will sit placidly on an undeveloped gold mine while it applies its finesse to acquiring more land, and increasing an army which it could not support in action, dreamed of accession of potency to the Russian fist in the Far East once its sinews were of steel.

With that caution which is as inherent in the Russian nature as in a widow living on her income, the Ministers estimated the amount of the protected-roads' traffic by that of the highway. When foreigners told them that a railway would "make" trade, they shook their heads at these Quixotes. They sought a line to Irkutsk (which is within three hundred miles of the head of river navigation to the Pacific), to be built as quickly and as cheaply as possible.

You can travel by train to-day—though you could not two months ago—all the way to Port Arthur and Vladivostok (barring the steamer journey across Lake Baikal), if it is worth your while to risk your temper in the undertaking. No country has laid so many miles of rail in so short a time; and, for that matter, no country has had the opportunity. The expense has been greater than under private enterprise; and the reason for that you need not seek outside of some of our municipal governments. The rails to Irkutsk weigh only one-half as much as those of our great trunk lines. They are set without frogs on too widely separated sleepers. An unsubstantial roadbed, completes a whole which does not permit of a speed of over twenty-five miles an hour, even when an Excellency travels in a private car. Before Irkutsk was reached, when the line tapped only the towns of Western Siberia, the rolling stock was quite unequal to the traffic. Later it was realized that the construction would not permit of the speed which is necessary now to gratify the imperial ambition for a journey of ten days from Port Arthur to Moscow. A forty-pound rail has already become as heretical as a forged passport. Those on the Manchurian line are eighty pounds, and all the Irkutsk line is to be rebuilt, including a double track for a part of the distance. Thus a small circle has perceived that the looting of India—which is the rainbow's end to the army—is not the true means of securing that prosperity which Russia so envies in other nations.

The Czar only gave the word after all. With Nicolas it is the weak word of a young man who, in private life, would at best be no more than a harmless and honorable gentleman. With Alexander III, it was the strong word of a robust personality who could make decisions with a determination and finality, whether good or bad, which delighted the hearts of the believers in autocracy.

It is the Minister of Finance, M. de Witte, and the Minister of Railways, Prince Hilkoff, who stand for the great work.

THE REAL RULERS OF RUSSIA

These men's careers are a defence of democracy. One began life as a clerk, and the other has taken his turn at the lathe in an American machine shop. Perhaps they rose more easily in Russia, where ambition is rare except in the diplomatic, military and naval services, than they could have risen in America, where men of their stamp are tumbling over one another for positions. De Witte collects and disburses a larger sum of money than passes through the hands of any other man in the world. His functions are at once those of the Committee on Appropriations and the Committee of Ways and Means; of the Secretary of the Treasury and Pierpont Morgan. It is he who borrows money to pay the interest on money already borrowed; whose opinion influences the Czar in most matters outside of the finance department; who tells the world that his great master forewent signing the Manchurian Convention rather than make war (while he borrows more money from the French allies); who has held that the best way to relieve the discontent of crowded sections of Russia is by emigration to Siberia; who would teach the masses to want better things than one room for a whole family and a diet of black bread and cucumbers, increasing their skill and energy, and yet not taint them with any desire for constitutional government; who has angered the upper classes, more particularly the landholders, with the outrageous innovation of granting the peasant head of a family forty acres of land in Siberia which may be held in perpetuity; who believes with all his heart in the divine right of his master to absolute sway; who greases the wheels of industry by adding to the taxes on receipts, checks, and contracts, and is chagrined at the balance of trade always going the wrong way despite protective tariffs; who is the most unpopular man in Russia with everybody except Nicolas, whose opinion alone counts.

To speak against the Czar, or the form of government, or the religion of the country constitutes a political crime. But you may say whatever you please about a Minister of State. It is always he, not the Czar, who does wrong. (There you have the working theory of unlimited monarchy, of course.) Officers, merchants, and officials whom I met damn De Witte on grounds which usually strike an American as being on a par with the objections of the stage-coach driver to the railway train.

"He lets all the gold go out of the country," says the merchant, who had not read the laws of demand and supply.

"It's a pretty pass the country's coming to," groaned an old colonel. "A peasant's son can now be admitted to a university beside a nobleman's."

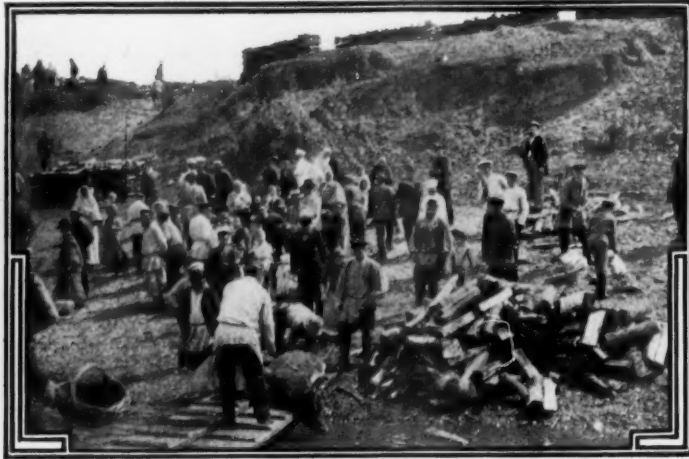
"Ridiculously exacting," says the official.

A SMART "DRUMMER" AND A PHLEGMATIC DIPLOMAT

M. de Witte is as approachable as our own Secretary of the Treasury, perhaps more so—at least to foreigners; because in Russia there are few persons outside of the regular official forces who seek interviews with public men. In this con-



ARRIVAL OF TRAIN AT KHABAROVSK, THE EASTERN CAPITAL OF SIBERIA



A RIVER STEAMER TAKING ON WOOD AND FRESH MEAT

EDITOR'S NOTE—THE ACCOMPANYING ARTICLE IS THE FIRST OF A SERIES PREPARED BY FREDERICK PALMER, SPECIAL WAR CORRESPONDENT FOR "COLLIER'S WEEKLY," WHO WAS DESPATCHED TO THE ORIENT ON THE FIRST MUMMURINGS OF WAR BETWEEN RUSSIA AND JAPAN. AFTERWARD MR. PALMER WAS INSTRUCTED TO MAKE THE TOUR OF RUSSIA AND TO WRITE ON RUSSIA'S REAL STRENGTH IN ASIA AS WELL AS OUR STAKES IN MANCHURIA, RUSSO-JAPANESE RIVALRY, ETC. THE FIRST ARTICLE TELLS A GRAPHIC STORY OF THE BEGINNING OF THE JOURNEY



DISCHARGING A JAPANESE STEAMER AT VLADIVOSTOK



MANCHURIAN CHINESE

SIBERIAN BEGGAR

DROSCHKY DRIVER



EMIGRANTS FROM RUSSIA TO SIBERIA

nection there is a story illustrative of his character. An American drummer, fresh from our direct methods of business, dropped in on him one morning to get certain information necessary for the sale of his goods. The Minister refused it. The young man persisted. The Minister still refused. Then the young man made the eagle scream.

"You're the only man who can give me what I want," he said. "I'm not going back to my folks and tell them that I couldn't do any business. I've got to know. I could get the same thing in two minutes in America, and I'm not going to leave the room until—"

The Minister pressed an electric button. In walked two guards. The Minister spoke to them in Russian, and directly the drummer found himself walking down the Nevsky Prospect with an uncongenial escort. As he thought the matter over in jail he concluded that his hand was not strong enough, as he put it, to bluff the whole Russian Empire. Within an hour he was led back into the presence of De Witte, who told him that a decent apology would save further trouble. After the drummer made it, De Witte gave him the information with the reminder that it was not wise to be rude to Ministers of State.

"Yes," he said to a foreign critic, I am told, "you may write against Russia if you wish. For that matter, you may write against the Creator of the Universe."

At least, the expression is worthy of him. He is a Russian of the Russians, a Slav of the Slavs, as his portrait shows; a Russian Minister the expanse of whose country gives to him a confidence something akin to that of our people as a whole.

Prince Hilkoff, the director of three times as many miles of railway as is under any single head in America, is a democrat in his simplicity. His little chin whisker, so un-Slavonic, has kindred in the land where he learned to speak English with a Down East twang. His keen eye, his restless manner, too, are Yankee. He holds his position because he knows railroading; not in a school of engineering, as Russians learn it, but as our own railway managers know it. The Russians have ever turned to us for models.

THE CZAR BUILDS A RAILWAY

The first railway in Russia, that between Moscow and St. Petersburg, was built by American engineers. You have doubtless heard the story of why the line, disregarding commercial needs, is an arrow's flight between the old and the new capital. For a time, with the maps of different routes on the table before him, doughty old Nicolas listened to the discussions of the engineers. Then he drew a straight line and said only, "You will build the road there, gentlemen." And that road was well built, as surely as St. Petersburg is the best governed city of Russia, because it was under the eye of the one from whose hand comes all honors and all censure. Upon the papers which called for the construction of the great Siberian road, Alexander III, merely wrote, "It is necessary to proceed with all haste to the construction of this line." About such laconic execution of grand authority there is something charming to young girls, whose hearts flutter at the sight of a coronet on a visiting card, and also to heads of corporations, who sometimes delude themselves that successful management requires a single responsible head more than it requires men. Between Vladivostok and St. Petersburg, government money passes through

many hands which are not under the glare of public criticism, as we shall see in our story of the journey.

POWER, POLITICS AND PASSPORTS

A letter from De Witte or Hilkoff will open all gates to the traveller; an interview with them is likely to blind one's eyes to what he sees by the wayside. No people are more kindly or hospitable to foreigners than the Russians. In no place in the world does a simple introduction from your Secretary of State mean so much to the American as in official Russia, which has ever seen in America a club for beating the arch enemy, Britain.

It strikes us as folly for you to take the Philippines and mix up in Oriental affairs," puts their opinion succinctly.



THE UBIQUITOUS DROSCHKY

"Your destiny is to relieve Canada from British oppression." For they know that a Far Eastern policy makes us of necessity England's ally.

The average American official or prominent citizen is not used to having an aide-de-camp in uniform buy his railway tickets or an escort of Cossacks to cross a vacant lot. He may oppose these things on principle, but in practice his attitude is that of the cat who has his neck stroked. I have in mind an M. C. who, in an interview published in a Russian paper, stated that Russia was our great, good friend and Britain our brutal enemy.

"After our attitude in the Spanish war!" said an English friend; to which I could only reply that possibly the M. C. wanted to demonstrate that he was as good a liar as his host. Therefore, when the distinguished clergyman returns from abroad to say that the Russian Empire is all that is holy and good, and the distinguished M. C. says that it is Russia's

magnanimity and horror of bloodshed that keep her on the side of peace—why, think of the cat!

I had letters to governors; but I forebore using them, preferring to travel as "the man on the street." It was easy enough when thrown for thirty days with officers to get the official view; while I had the satisfaction of looking out of the car windows without blinking, from the memory of a governor's tea. I was never bothered beyond the presentation of my passport. The back of it, thanks to police *vises*, looks like a miniature billboard.

My first idea was to pass through Manchuria. This being Chinese territory, a Chinese passport ought to have been sufficient. I was told that Admiral Alexieff, the commandant of Port Arthur, whose authority extends as far as Moukden, would pass me through his territory; but General Grodekoff would probably turn me back; and, vice versa, for one coming in the opposite direction the admiral might return the general's compliment—my informant stating with a Slavonic shrug of the shoulders that these two great men were none too friendly. But a letter from St. Petersburg would spare me the experience of a British and a German army officer, who were stopped before they reached Harbin, which the Russians regard as a fortress. The excuse given was an old one. It was beyond the power of the Russian forces to assure their safety from brigands or transportation across the sections where the Manchurian railway was incomplete. Therefore, I travelled to the terminus of the Siberian Railway by Amur River, which is much the same thing as going as far as St. Louis by steamer on your way to New York—only Vladivostok is not New Orleans, but relatively in much the same position as Galveston, the Amur emptying into the Pacific at Nicolaefsk while you meet it by train from Vladivostok.

THE "GATEWAY TO SIBERIA"

To an American, Vladivostok, the Pacific gateway to Siberia, seems like the end of the earth, until he calls to mind that Blagoveschensk is beyond. What it was fifty years ago it is to-day—a fortress and a naval station under military rule, doing less business (leaving out the governmental traffic) than Skagway, Alaska. The harbor is a basin landlocked by an island, at the foot of hills, crowned by guns that can sweep and countersweep the entrance as a hose plays on a lawn. The town itself lies in a great main street up and down inclines following the shores, while new buildings are rising on the slopes above. On summer afternoons a great bank of fog comes flying down from the north. With this for cover, the British Asiatic Squadron once gave the town the first news of its presence by dipping its flag to the Russian admiral's palace from alongside the floating dock. The British commander thought that he had done an exceedingly clever thing until he realized that he had done quite the contrary. For the upshot of this oft-related incident was to awaken the Russian to possibilities and to an order that only two foreign men-of-war might anchor in the harbor at a time.

However, leaving anecdotes aside, it seems out of the question that any squadron should ever attack Vladivostok. Though it slipped into the basin, it could only hope to raze the town before being sunk by the shore batteries, and what does Russia care about the loss of a few houses and shops?

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15)



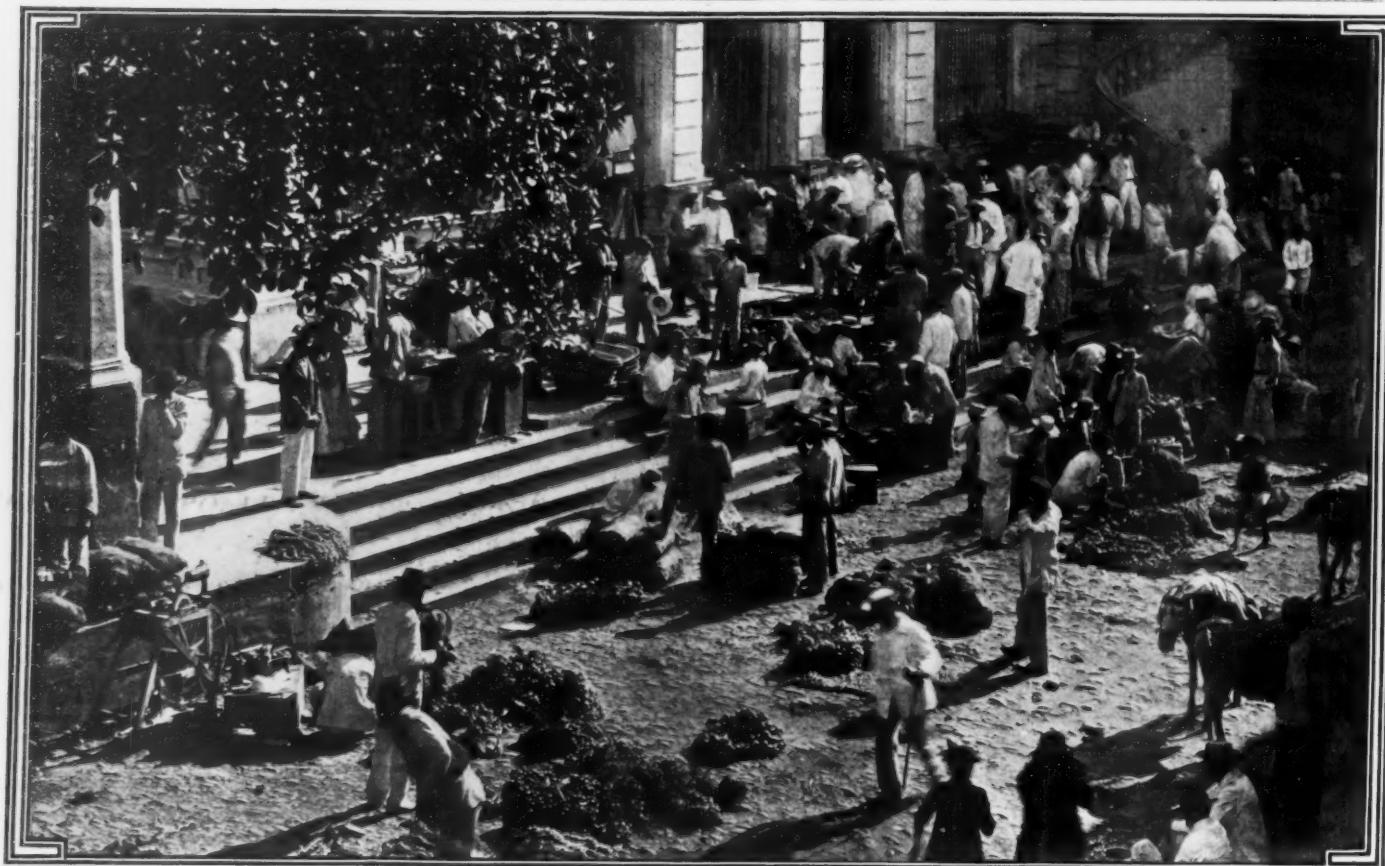
THE MARKET-PLACE IN VLADIVOSTOK



A FETE IN THE HEART OF SIBERIA

The ELECTION IN SOUTH AMERICA

By EDWIN EMERSON, Jr., Special War Correspondent of Collier's Weekly in Venezuela



THE ELECTION IN SOUTH AMERICA—THE CARACAS MARKET-PLACE ON ELECTION DAY



PRESIDENT CASTRO

CARACAS, SEPTEMBER 25, 1901
THE LONG-HERALDED preliminary elections of Venezuela have been held at last. Cipriano Castro, the "provisional head of the government," is proud to report that the affair has passed off without bloodshed and that his self-proposed nomination for a seven years' Presidency has been enthusiastically endorsed by the people. There were no other candidates. Castro's soldiery saw to that. Another election to the same purpose will be held presently to ratify the so-called "voice of the people."

Everybody understands, of course, that such elections are nothing but an amiable farce, fashioned after the pattern of the Napoleonic plebiscites. The real voice of the people in South America speaks but in one way—the way of revolution and civil war. The rifle and the machete are the true ballot-box of Latin-American politics.

GATHERING IN VAGABOND VOTERS

It was not intended that these should play any part in Venezuela's latest election. On the eve of the primaries—it was a Saturday and general market day—the troops went forth and gathered in all the suspects and vagabonds they could lay their hands on and forcibly enrolled them as "volunteers" in the ever-victorious army of Venezuela. At the same time all the outlets of Caracas were manned by numerous guards who stopped all traffic in and out of the city. The poor people who had come in from the suburbs to bring their wares to market were compelled to remain in the city until Sunday. The occupants of public cabs and all street-car passengers had to identify themselves to the policemen who boarded all such vehicles. All night long mounted patrols clattered through the streets of Caracas and a detachment of troops camped in front of the military barracks.

After so ominous a prelude, election day itself came as a pleasant surprise. The day was given over to conspicuous, if forced, rejoicing, manifested by violent clanging of bells, cannon salutes, firecrackers, flags, and other holiday jublations dear to children's hearts. Across the streets hung festoons of brightly-colored ribbons and paper flowers; on the public squares live-birds in wooden cages and all kinds of sweetmeats were offered for sale, and wreaths were hung on the famous statues of George Washington and of Simon Bolivar, the Liberator. The women folk flocked to the window bars.

SETTING PRISONERS FREE

The great event of the day was the liberation of some sixty odd Colombian prisoners, who had been taken captive during a recent battle on the frontier, in which a Venezuelan regiment had lost all its officers. The half-starved wretches were turned

loose on the Plaza Bolivar, with nothing but a slip of paper which certified that they were free. One of them who begged me for a few centavos wherewith to get a meal told me that he was not a soldier at all, but a mere *peon* who happened to have his *conuco*, or garden-patch, near the battlefield, and was gathered in with the rest. Later in the day a dozen or so of these same prisoners presented themselves at the door of the American Legation in Caracas and invoked the aid of the United States Government to help them out of their plight. Minister Bowen, in Castilian Spanish, expressed his regrets that the Monroe Doctrine could not be construed as covering their particular case. Having delivered himself of his little speech he encouraged us, by precept and example, to make up a purse for the poor, forlorn wretches—which we did. They filed out of the Legation gate, exclaiming in monotonous sequence as they bowed low, "God will reward you! God will reward you!" Later in the evening, so we heard, the greater part of them were once more seized on the streets of Caracas and

forcibly enlisted in the Venezuelan army, to serve as *voluntarios*. In truth, the game of war as it is played in South America is an interesting game.

In the meanwhile, nobody but the uniformed officers at the polls seemed to pay any attention to the progress of the primaries. As one of the foreign correspondents cabled, "They passed off without the slightest disturbance."

On the following day it was announced that six thousand voters had declared their unqualified acquiescence to the continued rule of the Provisional President—Generalissimo Cipriano Castro. Nobody had voted against him. This might seem a small number, since the population of Caracas alone is sixty thousand souls, and that of Venezuela four million; but the disproportion of voters to the total population was explained on the part of the zealous government officers by the fact that only those who could read and write were admitted to the ballot-box.

AN INTERVIEW WITH PRESIDENT CASTRO

On the Tuesday following the Venezuelan elections I had an audience with President Castro at his palace of Miraflores. This executive mansion is worthy of its flowery name, overlooking, as it does, the public park and numberless private gardens clinging to the slope beneath it. The generalissimo received me in his gold-embroidered cap of State, fashioned like our smoking-caps at home. I conveyed to him the news of the death of President McKinley, which had only just reached Caracas. After expressing his "profound sorrow and horror" at the event, the President gave immediate orders to lower all national flags and to set aside three days for official mourning. He also ordered his secretary to prepare a suitable letter of sympathy and condolence to be sent to President Roosevelt. After these matters had been disposed of, the conversation turned to the pending difficulties between Colombia and Venezuela. President Castro, while still disavowing a formal state of war, showed no hesitation whatever in denouncing the Colombian Government in unqualified terms. He likened it to a "rotten pear about to fall," and added that its fall was impatiently awaited by himself and the whole Venezuelan people.

"The revolutionists in Colombia," he explained, "are our fellow-liberals and have our full sympathies. Their leaders are my friends. I wish for their success with my whole heart. I am willing to do almost anything for their advancement, short of war, for I have no warlike ambitions; nor is the Venezuelan nation, as such, a nation of warriors—(conquistadores)."

When I told President Castro that I was about to go to the front, he ended the interview by furnishing me with letters of recommendation, not only to his own generals on the frontier, but to the Colombian liberal leaders on the other side.

OFF FOR THE FRONT

The letters were duly furnished to me, and to day I proceed to the front on the Venezuelan man-of-war *Restaurador*. It remains to be seen what part is to be played by Castro's acknowledged friends, the liberal leaders, presumably commanding Venezuelan soldiers on the other side of the frontier. The last men who were caught playing this same doubtful game a few weeks ago at Rio Hache were summarily shot. Their bodies by this time have been picked to pieces by the vultures that are now eagerly spying for more food of the same sort.



CARACAS WOMEN LOOKING DOWN UPON CROWDS IN THE STREET

ON THE WAY TO THE NORTH POLE

By EVELYN B. BALDWIN, Commander of the Baldwin-Ziegler Polar Expedition



THE "AMERICA" FAST IN HARD ICE

LANDING DOGS AT CAMP ZIEGLER

LANDING SUPPLIES AT CAMP ZIEGLER

AT THE CAIRN ON
CAPE FLORA

THIS, OUR FIRST STATION, I have named Camp Ziegler, in honor of Mr. William Ziegler of New York, whose generosity in supplying me with the means of organizing and equipping an expedition in accordance with my heart's desire is certainly worthy of whatever distinction we can give. Mr. Ziegler has joined with us in the plan and determination to have the Stars and Stripes planted at the North Pole. First, last and all the time this has been and is our one constant thought, and at no stage in the progress of our expedition has hope been brighter than at present. We have every reason to be hopeful. We have successfully accomplished the establishment of our first base of supplies above the eightieth parallel of latitude; our supply ship, the *Frithjof*, has discharged its heavy cargo of equipment and been met by the *America* away up here in the Polar sea after a month of absence from us; we have an overabundance of supplies, more than three hundred dogs and a party of forty-two men of exceptional ability, character and energy. If our banner is not planted at the Pole it will be because of physical impossibilities entirely beyond human control. We shall always feel that our plan was the right one.

The hour of midnight seems to be particularly auspicious for our party. We left Glasgow at this hour on a night in June. Tromsøe witnessed the departure of our fleet at twelve on a sultry night in July. We had to wait for high tide at midnight in order to get over the Divina delta bar out from Solombala. Franz Josef Land was first sighted at midnight, and it was at this hour that we discovered our supply ship, *Frithjof*. Of course, since these things happened in the land of the midnight sun they are not remarkable except as strange coincidences.

THE FIRST BEAR

Naturally, after reaching the ice regions our progress was slow. Frequently we stopped to get walrus and an occasional bear. The bear hunts were very profitable, rewarding

us with a good deal of meat and skins, besides giving us a much-needed diversion. I shall not soon forget the first one we succeeded in getting. I had been up on the bridge noting the condition of the ice, and trying to discover the easiest way through, when I caught sight of the head of a bear just over a large hummock of ice on our starboard side. No one else had seen the animal, and the others were beginning to doubt my eyesight when it suddenly appeared swimming in the water not more than fifty yards away. Two shots from my gun stopped its further progress, and we were not long in towing it alongside and getting it aboard.

It was on the 14th of August that we sighted Cape Flora. We all became more hopeful and enthusiastic at the sight of the bare rock looming up in the waste of dazzling whiteness all about us. It was not strange that the sight of this place should be particularly pleasing. This had been the home of human beings, and for many days we had seen no sign of habitation and no other men except those in our own party, save for one fishing vessel away off to the south beyond the ice-pack. It was here that Leigh Smith and his brave companions had spent a dreary winter in a dugout. Jackson spent several months in the same underground house, and Nansen and Johansen terminated their long and perilous adventures at this spot. As we approached, we made out the whale boats which had been left by the Italian expedition of the Duke of the Abruzzi and the four buildings which constitute all that is left of the Jackson encampment.

LANDING ON CAPE FLORA

We made a landing at 6.30 on the following morning. On the doors of the huts were posted various notices. On one was a message from Captain Stokken of the *Capella* who had been there just a month previous after an unsuccessful search for the three lost members of the Italian party. Nearby he had erected a granite shaft, which had been presented by the Duke of the Abruzzi as a memorial. Next to the message from Stokken was another which the recent rains had almost obliterated. Only here and there was a word distinguishable, but at length I made out "*Frithjof* . . . August 8th, 1901, . . . Bell Island. . . Champ."

I was about to leave a notice stating that we would proceed to Bell Island to search for information, returning to Cape Flora and going thence eastward to Etheridge Island and the British Channel, when, fortunately, Captain Johansen discovered a bottle fastened to a flagstaff and containing the letters of the *Frithjof* party. The *Frithjof* had called at Cape Flora again on the 11th and the 13th, the last time

leaving a message to the effect that they would proceed to Etheridge Island. The men on the supply steamer had already secured thirty-two walrus, eight polar bears and six large seals, which they had deposited in a cache here. We got the meat aboard the *America* and made our way to Etheridge Island, where another message directed us to McClintock's Island. Here it was we found the *Frithjof*, and it was with many salutes and cheers that our party greeted theirs. We had been separated a month to a day, and it was a great relief to feel that the possibility of our not being able to effect this meeting was over.

OFF FOR MARKHAM SOUND

I determined to proceed at once to Markham Sound, in order to establish a station, or perhaps our headquarters, at Cape Trieste. Here we would have command of the game in both Markham and Austria Sounds, as well as of a portion of the British Channel. Moreover, we would be able to explore and chart much unknown territory at the very beginning of our work. In case of disaster, we would be able to make our way safely from one island to another to Cape Flora, where are stored a considerable quantity of provisions and fuel in the houses erected by the Jackson expedition. Let me say, however, that we do not anticipate any contingency of the kind, as we have an abundant supply of provisions with us.

We passed to the north of McClintock Island through a channel which separates it from Alger Island. So far as I am aware, this was the first time that an entire passage had been made through this channel. At the further end of the channel we found the ice too rotten to permit of our walking safely upon it and too thick and unbroken to render it advisable to force the steamer into it, so we retraced our course along the south coast of Alger Island and then northward along the western coast up toward Cape Trieste. There was no suitable spot on this coast for our encampment, however, so we made our way back along the southern coast until we came to a most favored place, so far as protection from storm wind, snow and ice was concerned—the best location for a camp in the Arctic regions that I ever discovered. Accordingly, here we discharged the cargo of the *Frithjof* and established our first station, at latitude 80° 24' north, longitude 55° 52' east.

To-day the *Frithjof* takes leave of us. Our men are now getting ready for their farewell. It will be almost a year before we may hope to get back to civilization, or, indeed, have any communication with our friends.



HAULING ABOARD THE FIRST POLAR BEAR



MR. BALDWIN HARPOONING WALRUSES NEAR CAMP ZIEGLER

THE SCHLEY INQUIRY AT WASHINGTON

By WALTER WELLMAN, Special Correspondent of Collier's Weekly at Washington



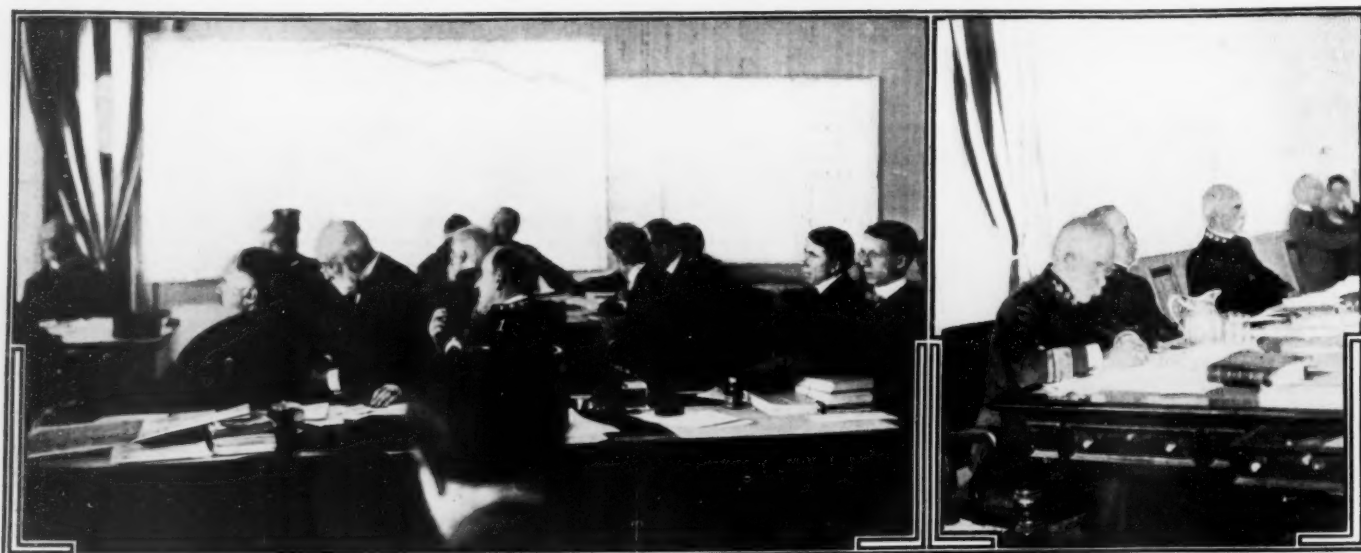
MR. HANNA, ASSISTANT TO JUDGE ADVOCATE

LIEUTENANT BRISTOL ON THE STAND

LIEUTENANT DOYLE ON THE STAND

LIEUTENANT WARD, ASSISTANT TO JUDGE ADVOCATE

LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER RODGERS ON THE STAND



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ADMIRAL SCHLEY (1) CLOSELY WATCHING THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE COURT, DURING THE TAKING OF TESTIMONY

A CORNER OF THE COURT-ROOM

DID ADMIRAL WINFIELD SCOTT SCHLEY lose his nerve in the preliminary stage of the naval campaign of the Spanish War? Did he "go to pieces" in face of the great responsibility placed upon him by his government? Was he so fearful of the consequences of a meeting with the enemy—not to himself as an individual, but to the force under his command—that he tried his best to avoid that enemy? Is this the true explanation of Schley's actions during the week of May 22—the week that caused the investigation by Admiral Dewey and his confreres of the Court of Inquiry?

THE UNDOING OF ADMIRAL SCHLEY

The case against Admiral Schley is before the Court. Now the defence is to be heard. It is proper at this juncture to summarize the evidence, so far presented, to explain it, to make a connected story of it, that we may fully understand the character of the case which the Admiral has to meet. Later I shall give with equal care the defence which is now being presented to the Court. With both sides thus placed fairly and impartially before them, the readers of COLLIER'S WEEKLY may intelligently form their own judgment about this most complicated case.

The evidence is voluminous; much of it is trivial; often mere inconsequentialities are dwelt upon in the daily reports; coming in fragmentary form in the newspapers, the testimony is difficult to understand. What is the real, the vital, the intrinsic story developed before the three admirals? What is the case against the Admiral? It is this:

Commodore Schley's Flying Squadron, composed of some of the best fighting ships in the navy, sailed from Key West May 19 under orders to seek the enemy on the south coast of Cuba and to blockade Cienfuegos while Admiral Sampson was blockading Havana and guarding the north coast. The all-important task of the American Government at this moment was to destroy or blockade Cervera's fleet; that was the key to the whole military situation; all other war operations were awaiting the outcome of this naval campaign. Commodore Schley arrived off Cienfuegos the morning of May 22.

ALL FIXED TO MASSACRE POOR CERVERA

Captain McCalla, in the *Michlehead*, had been off this port six days before. On that occasion he had not only sent his launches ashore, cutting cables within a few yards of the beach under the fire of Spanish guns, but he had communicated with the insurgents west of Cienfuegos and learned from them the situation in the city. He had also arranged with the Cubans a code of signals for further communication. On his way to Key West, McCalla passed Schley, but did not communicate to the latter the signal code, because he did not know that Commodore Schley was going to Cienfuegos. The Commodore knew, however, that McCalla was just coming from the port to which he was bound, but failed to ask for information and signalled McCalla permission to proceed. The *Eagle*, of McCalla's force, did megaphone to the *Scorpion*, of Schley's squadron, news concerning the situation at Cienfuegos—the point at which the insurgents could be communicated with, the fact that they had access to the city, and that no Spanish ships but small gunboats were in port. In the afternoon of the 22d the *Iron* arrived at Cienfuegos, having

left Key West after McCalla's arrival there. Captain Evans of the *Iron* had been given the signal code, but he did not communicate it to Schley because he supposed the latter had it.

Early in the morning of the next day, the 23d, the *Hack* arrived with several despatches for Schley. This is a critical moment in the history of the case. The commander of the Flying Squadron now had before him these orders from his superior:

ORDERS GALORE, BUT "NOTHING DOING"

1. The "Dear Schley" letter from Sampson, inclosing a despatch from the Department giving a rumor that Cervera had arrived at Santiago. Notwithstanding this rumor, Sampson instructed Schley to continue for the present the Cienfuegos blockade. "If later it should develop that the Spanish are at Santiago," said Sampson, "we can then assemble off that port and completely blockade it." This letter was dated Key West, May 20. Schley claims he received it by the *Hack* on the 23d; the Department claims he received it the afternoon of the 22d by the *Iron*; and the latter appears probable, because in the letter Sampson says "the *Iron* leaves this morning for you."

2. Despatch from Sampson to Schley, dated Key West, May 21, and reading: "Spanish squadron probably at Santiago. If you are satisfied they are not at Cienfuegos, proceed with all despatch, but cautiously, to Santiago."

3. Despatch from Sampson to Schley, dated off Havana, May 21, and reading: "It is thought the inclosed instructions [No. 2] will reach you by 2 A.M., May 22. This will enable you to leave before daylight (regarded very important), so that your direction may not be noticed, and be at Santiago A.M., May 24. . . . If this does not reach you before daylight, mask your direction as much as possible." The Department claims these orders were imperative.

PLAYING TAG WITH THE DONS

The evidence shows that Commodore Schley himself took that view of them at the time. As soon as he had read his despatches he turned to Lieutenant Hood and said, "Captain Sampson wants me to go to Santiago. I cannot do it." Hood, who had been present when these urgent orders were prepared by Sampson, Watson and others, told Schley the Admiral certainly expected the squadron to sail at once. But Schley protested. "I am not at all certain the Spaniards are not here in Cienfuegos," he said; "besides, all my ships need coal. Sampson sent me the *Iron* only half filled with coal, so that she cannot go anywhere." Hood told Schley he had passed the collier *Merrimac* shortly before, and she would come up in a few hours with five thousand tons of coal. (As a matter of fact, the collier was then in sight, and two hours later the *Iron* was taking coal from her.) Schley again expressed his belief that the Spaniards were in Cienfuegos, whereupon Hood remarked he considered as definite the information upon which Sampson had sent his orders. "Captain Sampson does not understand," said Schley; "he is not on the spot, and cannot judge."

There was a fourth order which Schley had in hand this morning of the 23d. It was based on a memorandum from

McCalla which had been sent to Schley, telling of the point where the insurgents could be communicated with and of the weakness of the batteries and of other fortifications which the enemy were erecting in the harbor-mouth. Sampson ordered Schley to take steps to prevent the enemy continuing this work. But Schley did not make any effort to do so. He did not shell the fortifications, and never fired a gun all the time he was at Cienfuegos. Nor did he send a boat ashore to learn from the insurgents whether or not Cervera was in port. All Schley did on the 23d was to send two despatches to Sampson. In one he said he was by no means satisfied the enemy was not at Cienfuegos; that to him it seemed "unwise to chase up a probability at Santiago, reported via Havana, no doubt as a ruse." In the other, after giving some alleged news he had received from the steamer *Adula*, to the effect that the Spaniards had been at Santiago but had sailed west, he said, "I think I have them here almost to a certainty."

CIENTFUEGOS CEASES TO BE OF INTEREST

Next morning, the 24th, McCalla was again at Cienfuegos and boarded the flagship. Schley had been there forty-eight hours, and had no definite knowledge. McCalla at once offered to go ashore and learn the truth. He went away, landed at the very point mentioned in his memorandum, talked with the Cubans, learned the Spaniards were not in port, and returned to the *Brooklyn* with his news.

Then Admiral Schley handed McCalla his orders to read, and while McCalla was looking them over Schley said he could not coal off Santiago; that the English had demonstrated ships could not be coaled at sea; but that if he returned to Key West he "would be court-martialled." McCalla's advice being asked, he said: "Commodore, I think you must go to Santiago, even if you do not stay there." In McCalla's opinion the orders were imperative and must be obeyed. But Schley evidently did not think so, for he remarked: "Well, this is a matter which I shall have to decide for myself. You may return to your ship."

He decided to go to Santiago. He left at dark the night of the 24th, instead of the morning of the 23d, when he received his orders. Instead of going as rapidly as possible, the squadron made an average speed of only seven knots. It is claimed the fighting vessels should have pressed on at full speed, leaving the slower collier and the *Eagle* to follow. These latter would have been in no danger. The enemy was to the eastward, and the squadron was steaming in that direction. Late in the afternoon of the 26th Schley arrived off Santiago. But he was twenty-two miles from the harbor mouth, too far for blockade or to see the enemy's ships if they came out in the night and attempted to escape. Cervera had now been in Santiago more than a week and had seen no American fighting ship. Before dark four scouts came up. The captain of one of them (Sigsbee) boarded the *Brooklyn* and informed Schley of the latest despatches he had had from the Department reporting the enemy at Santiago, ordering him there to scout and inform all vessels, and adding that the Flying Squadron had also been ordered there.

Within two hours there occurred, say the accusers of Admiral Schley, one of the most extraordinary incidents known to the history of the American navy. Schley sig-

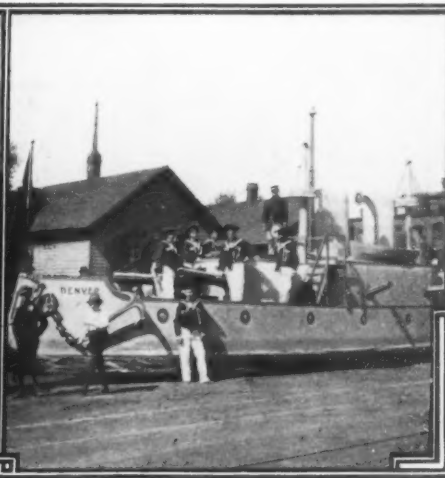
DENVER'S AUTUMN FESTIVAL



THE LATEST INVENTION—HORSE-MOBILE



THE GREAT CAR OF "COMMERCE"



THE U. S. S. "DENVER"



THE CAR OF "CERES"



REX AND HIS QUEEN



ONE OF THE PRIZE WINNERS

SO IMBUED is the city of Denver with our true American spirit that she does not believe in attaining great results of progress and prosperity without celebrating them in some striking manner. And so we find her citizens ardently engaged for three days and two nights every autumn enjoying what they term so happily a "Festival of Mountain and Plain." It is, in the main, a season of unconfined merrymaking. Yet it does not lack certain points of seriousness that tell a wholesome story of Colorado's industrial success.

The day of days was the closing one, when King Carnival, Lord of Misrule,

took up the sceptre. Five thousand masks besieged the streets, rhyme and reason were annihilated, and Folly's fathers struck off. Five thousand human beings in masks are formidable. All the tribes of Christendom and other-doms were in Jew, and earth and sky were drained for the riot of color. It is a way Folly has of monopolizing everything. At night the revels reached their climax in a tempestuous masked ball. It raged amid a counter-storm of confetti until midnight, when the death of the King was proclaimed, and the Festival of Mountain and Plain came to a close with the arrival of the first October days.

nalled his squadron to form in column and sail—"Destination Key West; speed nine knots." Several of his squadron captains have testified that they had no idea why this retrograde movement was made. His explanation has already been suggested to the Court—scant coal supply, difficulty of reconing. As to this the Department has brought before the Court the following data, based upon official figures and actual experiences:

SOME "BLACK DIAMOND" FIGURES

COAL CONDITION, FLYING SQUADRON, MIDNIGHT, MAY 26—
BEGINNING OF THE RETROGRADE MOVEMENT

	Brook- lyn	Manachu- setts	Iowa	Texas
Coal in bunkers, tons	952	810	784	600
Days steaming at ten knots	15.6	10.5	8.9	4.5
Miles " " " " " " " " " "	8296	2325	2128	1582
Number of days blockading duty .	34.	26.	20.	16.9
Number of days could chase enemy and have enough coal left to re- turn to Key West—				
—At 14 knots speed	3.8	2.5	1.8	1.2
—At 15 " " " " " " " " " "	3.2	2.	1.6	1.
—At forced draught	2.3	e	1.4	.9

* 15 knots *Memachusett's* highest speed.

Admiral Schley's defence, as already foreshadowed, is that he wanted enough coal in bunkers to enable him to chase the enemy to Martinique or some other port.

In addition to the coal in the bunkers as just shown, there was the *Merrimac*, with four thousand tons, lying alongside. All the witnesses, including the cautious captain of the collier, have testified that coal could have been taken on board this evening of the 26th. The sea was fairly smooth. The old hulk *Merrimac* was in part disabled. Her only value was for the coal she carried, and the only value of that coal was to support our fighting ships on the blockade.

Next morning, the 27th, the scout *Harvard* overtook the squadron west of Santiago. She brought orders for Schley from the Mole, Haiti. One of these orders read: "All Department's information indicates the Spanish division is still at Santiago. The Department looks to you to ascertain fact and that the enemy does not leave without decisive action. . . Could not squadron coal from *Merrimac* toward Cape Cruz, or Gonaves, or Mole? The Department will send coal immediately to Mole. Report without delay the situation at Santiago."

Captain Cotton testified that he delivered this despatch in person. Schley complained of the weather (which was then

fine and the sea smooth), and asked if Cotton thought ships could be coaled at the Mole. Cotton said it would be difficult to coal large ships there, but it might be done one at a time. Also, there was no reason why he should not coal all ships at Gonaves. Schley said he did not see how he was going to keep his ships in coal and that he saw no recourse but to return to Key West. Almost immediately the *Brooklyn* signaled the squadron to form again for the voyage to that port. Schley prepared and sent by Cotton at noon this day his now famous telegram to his government, acknowledging receipt of the orders, and replying:

THE TELEGRAM THAT MADE ALL THE TROUBLE

"*Merrimac's* engine is disabled and she is helpless. Am obliged to have her towed to Key West. Have been absolutely unable to coal the *Texas*, *Marblehead*, *Vixen* and *Brooklyn* from collier, owing to rough seas and boisterous weather. *Brooklyn* is the only one in squadron having more than sufficient coal to reach Key West. Not possible to coal leeward Cape Cruz in summer account southwest winds. *Harvard* reports only small vessels could coal at Gonaives or Mole. It is to be regretted that the Department's orders cannot be obeyed, earnestly as we have all striven to that end. Can ascertain nothing certain concerning enemy.

—SCHLEY."

Upon this despatch is based that clause of the precept which enjoins the Court of Inquiry to ascertain if Schley was guilty of disobedience of orders. The Department's criticisms upon this despatch, based upon the evidence, are:

1. Even if all Schley claimed about coaling difficulty were true, it was still his duty to go to Santiago, responsibility for what followed resting upon the government, not upon him.

2. But it was not true that it had been absolutely impossible to coal the *Texas* and other ships. Nor is it true that coaling had been prevented by boisterous weather. This was the sixth day Schley had been on the Cuban coast. On the 22d the *Dupont* had coaled from the *Jawa*. On the 23d the *Jawa*, *Dupont* and *Castine* had coaled from the *Merrimac*. On the 24th the *Missachusetts* and *Castine* had coaled. On the 25th no ships were coaled. On the 26th none were coaled, but the evening of that day all the witnesses say coaling would have been easy. On the 27th the *Texas*, *Marblehead* and *Vixen* were coaled. Of the six days only

one was too rough for coaling. Afterward ships were coaled on the 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, and 31st.

3. It was not true that only the *Brooklyn* had enough coal to go to Key West, as the official coal table proves. The ship with shortest supply, the *Texas*, could have gone to Key West and back again.

4. As to coaling at Cape Cruz, the winds were southeasterly, not southwesterly.

5. As to coaling at Mole or Gonaïves, *Harvard* did not report it impossible to coal large ships at both places, but only difficult at the Mole and practicable for all ships at Gonaïves.

6. That "can ascertain nothing certain concerning enemy" should read, in the light of the evidence, "have made no efforts to ascertain anything concerning enemy."

ON BLOCKADE AT LAST

Commodore Schley, on the afternoon of the 27th, again steamed to the westward, going about twenty-five miles further. During the night he stopped. Next day, the 28th, for some reason which will probably be explained in his defence, he changed his mind and concluded to go to Santiago after all. At one o'clock in the afternoon he started, signalling "speed six knots," and arrived off Santiago about dusk.

At last the so-called Flying Squadron was on blockade duty in front of the enemy. During nine and one-half days the Spanish fleet could have escaped to sea without hindrance. Five and one-half of those days had elapsed since Schley received his orders to "proceed with all despatch" from Cienfuegos, a distance of three hundred and fifteen miles, or thirty hours' steaming at economical speed.

Other counts against Admiral Schley which have been given serious consideration by the Court are his failure to destroy the *Colum* when she lay seemingly at his mercy on the last days of May, and the famous loop of the *Brooklyn* during the battle of July 3, the unexpected movement which the government will claim was a tactical blunder because it endangered our own ships and nearly caused a collision which might have turned victory into defeat and disaster. Schley's remark at the moment this danger was pointed out to him—"Damn the *Texas*—let her take care of herself!" has made a painful impression in the court-room.

As soon as Admiral Schley's defence shall have been presented to the Court it shall be given, faithfully and impartially, to the readers of COLLIER'S WEEKLY.



KATE BONNET: The Romance of a Pirate's Daughter

By FRANK R. STOCKTON

Author of "Rudder Grange," "The Lady or the Tiger?" "The Late Mrs. Null," Etc., Etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. I. KELLER

SYNOPSIS OF THE PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Major Stede Bonnet, an eccentric planter of Bridgetown, Barbadoes, conceiving a strange enterprise, buys a ship, the "Sarah Williams," enlists a crew of ruffians, puts to sea, and announces to his men that henceforth all are pirates. The crew cheerfully agrees to this plan. Kate Bonnet, the Major's daughter, was to have sailed with him, but suspecting the character of the sailors, she escapes to land, where, on account of her step-mother's unfriendliness, she is cared for by Dame Charter, who, with her son Dickory, accompanies Kate to Jamaica, where all are taken to live with Kate's uncle, Delaplaine.

Dickory sails back to Barbadoes for news of Bonnet. Meanwhile Pirate Bonnet has taken and destroyed so many ships that H. M. S., "Badger," Captain Vince, is despatched to capture him. While fitting in Jamaica Captain Vince falls in love with Kate and offers to spare her father for her sake. She spurns his advances, and he sets out on his mission. The ship carrying Dickory to Barbadoes is captured by Pirate Bonnet, but set free again after taking off Dickory. On receiving the news of Kate's residence in Jamaica, Bonnet sails to Honduras with the object of communicating with his dear daughter.

CHAPTER XIV

A GIRL TO THE FRONT



THE DAYS were getting very long at Spanish Town, although there were no more hours of sunlight than was usual at the season; and even the optimism of Dame Charter was scarcely able to brighten her own soul, much less that of Kate Bonnet, who had almost forgotten what it was to be optimistic. Poor Mr. Delaplaine, whose life had begun to cheer up wonderfully since the arrival of his niece and her triumphant entry into the society of the town, became more gloomy than it had been since the months which followed the death of his wife. Over and over did he wish that his brother-in-law, Bonnet, had long since been shut up in some place where his eccentricities could do no harm to his fellow creatures, especially to his most lovely daughter.

Miss Kate Bonnet was not a girl to sit quietly under the tremendous strain which bore upon her after the departure of the *Badger*. How could she be contented or even quiet at any moment, when, at that moment, that heartless Captain Vince might have his sword raised above the head of her unfortunate father?

"Uncle," she said, "I cannot bear it any longer, 'I must do something.'"

"But, my dear," he asked, looking down upon her with infinite affection, "what can you do? We are here upon an immovable island, and your father and Captain Vince are sailing upon the sea, nobody knows where."

"I thought about it all, last night," said Kate, "and this is what I will do. I will go to the Governor; I will tell him all about my father. I do not think it will be wrong even to tell him why I think his mind has become unsettled, for if that woman in Bridgetown has behaved wickedly, her wickedness should be known. Then I will ask him to give me written authority to take my father, wherever I may find him, and to bring him here, where it shall be decided what shall be done with him; and I am sure the decision will be, that he must be treated as a man whose mind is not right and who should be put somewhere where he can have nothing to do with ships."

This was all quite childish to Mr. Delaplaine, but for Kate's dear sake he treated her scheme seriously.

"But tell me, my dear," said he, "how are you going to find your father, and in what way can you bring him back here with you?"

"The first thing to do," said Kate, "is to hire a ship; I know that my little property will yield me money enough for that. As for bringing him back, that's for me to do. With my arms around his neck, he cannot be a pirate captain. And think of it, uncle! If my arms are not soon around his neck, it may be the hangman's rope which will be there. That is, if he is not killed by that revengeful Captain Vince."

Mr. Delaplaine was troubled far more than he had yet been. His sorrowing niece believed that there was something which might be done for her father, but he, her practical uncle, did not believe that the thing could be done. And, even if this were possible, he did not wish to do it. If, by some unheard-of miracle his niece should be enabled to carry out her scheme she could not go alone, and thoughts of sailing upon the sea, and the dangers from pirates, storms and wrecks, were very terrible to the quiet merchant. He could not encourage this night-born scheme of his niece.

"But there is one thing I can do," cried Kate, "and I must do it this very day. I must go to the Governor's house, and I pray you, uncle, that you will go with me. I must tell him about my father. I must make him do something which shall keep that Captain Vince from sailing after him and killing him."

How I wish I had thought of all this before! But it did not come to me."

It was not half an hour after that when Kate and her uncle entered the grounds of the Governor's mansion.

The Governor of Jamaica was much interested in the visit of Kate Bonnet, whom he saw alone, in a room adjoining the public apartments. He had met her two or three times before, and had been forced to admit that the young girls of Barbadoes must be pretty and piquant to an extraordinary degree, and he had not wondered that his friend, Captain Vince, should have spoken of her in such an enthusiastic manner.

But now she was different. Her sorrow had given her dignity and had added to her beauty. She quickly told her tale, and he started upright in his chair as he heard it.

"Do you mean," he exclaimed, "that that pirate, after whom I sent the *Badger*, is your father? It amazes me! The similarity of names did not strike me; I never imagined any connection between you and the captain of that pirate ship."

"That's what Captain Vince said when I last saw him," remarked Kate.

"It must have astounded him to know it," exclaimed the Governor, "and I wonder, knowing it, that he consented to obey my orders; and, had I been in his place, I would have preferred to be dismissed from the service rather than to sail after your father and to destroy him. If I had known what I know now, my orders to Captain Vince would have been very different from what they were. I would have told him to capture your father, and to bring him here to me. It cannot be that he is in his right mind!"

Now Kate was weeping; the terrible words "destroy him" and the assurance that if she had thought sooner of appealing to the Governor, much misery, or at least the thought of misery, might have been spared her so affected her that she could not control herself.

CHAPTER XV

THE GOVERNOR OF JAMAICA



THE GOVERNOR DID NOT attempt to console her. Her sorrow was natural, and it was her right.

When she looked up again she spoke about what she had come to ask him for: the authority to bring back her father wherever she might find him, and to defend him from the attacks of all persons, whoever they might be, until she reached Jamaica. And then she told him how she would seek for her father on every sea.

The Governor sat and pondered. The father of such a girl should be saved from the terrible fate awaiting him, if the thing could possibly be done. And yet, what a difficult, almost hopeless thing it was to do. To find a pirate, a fierce and bloody pirate, and bring him back unharmed to his daughter's arms and to reasonable restraint.

He spoke earnestly. "What you propose," he said, "you cannot do. It would be impossible for you to find your father; and if you did, no matter who might be with you, and no matter how successful you might be with him, his crew would not let him go. But there is one thing which might be done. The *Badger* will report at different stations, and her course and present cruising-ground might be discovered. Thus I might send a despatch to Captain Vince, ordering him not to harm your father, but to take him prisoner and to bring him here to be dealt with."

Kate sprang to her feet.

"An order to Captain Vince!" she exclaimed, "an order to withhold his hand from my father? Ah, sir, your goodness is great, this is far more than I had dared to expect! When I last saw Captain Vince he left me in a great rage, but,

knowing that he would respect your order, I would dare his rage. If his revengeful hand should be withheld from my father I would fear nothing."

"I beg you to be seated," said the Governor, "and let me assure you that, in offering to send this order to Captain Vince, I do not in the least expect you to take it. But there is one thing I do not understand: Why should the captain have left you in a great rage? Perhaps I have not a right to ask this, but it seems to me to have some bearing upon his alacrity in setting forth in pursuit of the *Revenge*."

"I fear," said Kate, "that this may be true; I do not deem it improper for me to say to you, sir, that Captain Vince made me an offer of marriage, and that in order to induce me to accept it he offered, should he come up with the *Revenge*, to spare my father and to let him go free, visiting the punishment he was sent to inflict upon the rest of the people in the ship."

"I am surprised," said the Governor, "to hear you say that; such an action would have been direct disobedience to his orders. It would have been disloyalty which not even the possession of your fair hand could justify. And you refused his offer?"

"That did I!" said Kate, her face flushing at the recollection of the unpleasant interview with the captain. "I cared not for him, and even had I, I would not have consented to wed a man who offered me his dishonor as a bribe for doing so. Not even for my father's life would I become the bride of such a one!"

"Well spoken, Mistress Bonnet," exclaimed the Governor; "your heart, though a tender, is a stout one. But this you tell me of Captain Vince is very bad; he is a vindictive man and will have what he wants, even without regard to the means by which he may get it. I am glad to know what you have told me, Mistress Bonnet, and if I had known it betimes I would not have sent, in pursuit of your father, a man whose anger had been excited against his daughter. But now I shall despatch orders to Captain Vince which shall be very exact and peremptory. After he has received them he will not dare to harm your father, and would cause him to be brought here as I command."

"From my heart I thank you, sir," cried Kate; "give me the orders and I will take them, or I will—"

"Nay, nay," said the Governor, "such offices are not for you, but I will give the matter my present attention. On any day a vessel may enter the port with news of the *Badger*, and on any day a vessel may clear from Kingston, possibly for Bridgetown, where I imagine the *Badger* will first touch. Rely upon me, my dear young lady, my order shall go to Captain Vince by the very earliest opportunity."

Kate rose and thanked him warmly. "This is much to do, your Excellency, for one poor girl," she said.

"It is but little to do," said the Governor, "and that girl be yourself!"

With that he rose, offered Kate his arm, and conducted her to her uncle.

When Mr. Delaplaine was made acquainted with the result of the interview, both his gratitude and surprise were great. He comprehended far better than Kate could the extent of the favor which the Governor had offered to bestow. It was, indeed, extraordinary to commute what was really a sentence of death against a notorious and dangerous pirate for the sake of a beautiful and pleading woman. An ambitious idea shot through the merchant's brain. The Governor was a widower; he had met Kate before. Was there any other lady on the island better fitted to preside over the gubernatorial household? But, although, a man of high position could not wed the daughter of a pirate—a pirate, evidently of an unsound mind, could be adjudged demented, as he truly was, and thus the shadow of his crime be lifted from him. This was a great deal to think in a very short time, but the good merchant did it, and the fervor of his thankfulness was greatly increased by his rapid reflections.

As they were on their way home Kate's eyes were bright, and her step lighter than it had been of late. "Now, uncle," said she, "you know we shall not wait for any chance ship which may take the Governor's despatch. We shall engage

a swift vessel ourselves, by which the orders may be carried. And, uncle, when that ship sails I must go in her."

"You!" cried Mr. Delaplaine; "you go in search of the *Badger* and Captain Vince? That can never—"

"But remember, uncle," cried Kate, "it is just as likely that I shall meet my father's ship as any other, and then we can snap our fingers at all orders and all captains. My father shall be brought here and the good Governor will make him safe, and free him, as he best knows how, from the terrible straits into which his disturbed reason has led him."

Her uncle would not darken Kate's bright hopes, ill-founded though he thought them. To look into those sparkling eyes again was a joy of which he would not deprive himself if he could help it.

"Suppose he should capture our vessel," she exclaimed. "What a grand thing it would be for him, all unknowing, to spring upon our deck and instantly be captured by me! After that, there would be no more pirate's life for him!"

When Dame Charter heard what had happened at the Governor's house, and had listened to the recital of Kate's glowing schemes, her eyes did not immediately glisten with joy.

"If you go, Mistress Kate," said she, "in search of your father or that wicked Captain Vince, I go with you; but I cannot go without my Dickory. It is full time to expect his return, although, as he was to depend upon so many chances before he could come back, his absence may, with good reason, continue longer, and I could not have him come back and find his mother gone, no man knows where. For in such a quest what man could know?"

"Oh, Dickory will be here soon!" cried Kate; "any ship which comes sailing toward the harbor may bring him!"

The Governor of Jamaica was a man of great experience, and with a fairly clear insight into the ways of the wicked. When Kate and her uncle had left him and he paced the floor, with the memory of the beautiful eyes of the pirate's daughter as they had been uplifted to his own, he felt assured that he could see rightly into the designs of the unscrupulous Captain Vince. Of what avail would it be for him to kill the father of the girl who had rejected him? It would be an atrocious but temporary triumph scarcely to be considered. But to capture that father; to disregard the laws of the service and the orders of his superiors, which he had already proposed to do; to communicate with Kate and to hold up before her terror-stricken eyes the life of her father, to be ended in horror or enjoyed in peace as she might decide—that would be Vince, as the Governor knew him.

The Governor knew well his man, and those were the designs and intentions of Captain Christopher Vince of his Majesty's corvette, the *Badger*.

CHAPTER XVI

A QUESTION OF ETIQUETTE



PROUDLY SAILED the *Revenge* and her attendant bark into the waters of Honduras Bay, and proudly stood Captain Stede Bonnet upon his quarter-deck—dressed in a handsome uniform which might have been that of a captain or an admiral in the royal navy, one hand caressed his ornate swordhilt, while the other was thrust

into the bosom of his gilt-embroidered coat. A newly fashioned "Jolly Roger," in which the background was very black and the skull and crossbones ghastly white, flew from his masthead.

As night came on there could be seen, twinkling far away upon the horizon, a beacon light which, in those days, was kept burning for the benefit of the piratical craft which made a rendezvous of the waters off Balize, then the commercial centre for the vessels of the "free companions." Having supposed, in his unnautical mind, that his entrance into the Bay of Honduras meant the end of his present voyage, and not wishing to lower his own feeling of importance by asking too many questions of his inferiors, Captain Bonnet had bedecked himself a day too soon, and there were some jeers and sneers among his crew when he descended to his cabin to take off his fine clothes. But his self-complacency was well armored, and he did not hear the jokes of which he was the subject; especially by the little clique of which Black Paul was the centre. But the sailing-master knew his business, and the *Revenge* was safely, though slowly, sailed among the coral reefs and islands until she dropped anchor off Balize. Early in the morning, the now dignified and pompous Captain Bonnet of that terror of the seas, the pirate craft *Revenge*, again arrayed himself in a manner befitting his position and stationed himself on the quarter-deck, where he might be seen by the eyes of all the crews of the other pirate vessels anchored about them, and by the glasses of their officers.

Apart from a general desire to show himself in the ranks of his fellow pirates and to receive from them the respect which was due to a man of his capabilities and general merits, Stede Bonnet had a particular reason for his visit to this port, and for surrounding himself with all the pomp and circumstance of high political rank. He had been informed that a great man, a hero and chief among his fellows—in fact, the dean of the piratical faculty and known as "Blackbeard," the most desperate and reckless of all the pirates of the day, was now here.

To meet this most important sea-robber and to receive from him the hand of fellowship, had been Bonnet's desire and ambition since he had heard that it was possible.

The morning was advanced and the *Revenge* was rolling easily at her anchorage, but Bonnet was somewhat uncertain as to the next step he ought to take. He wanted to see Blackbeard as soon as possible, but it would certainly be a breach of etiquette entirely inconsistent with his present position for him to go to see him. He was the latest comer and he thought it was the part of Blackbeard to make the first visit.

Paul Bittern now came aft. "The men are getting very restless," he said; "they want to go on shore. They'd all go if I'd let 'em."

Captain Bonnet gave his sailing-master a lofty glare. "If I should let them, you mean, sir. I am sorry I cannot break you of the habit of forgetting that I command this ship. Well, sir, you may tell them that they cannot go; I am expecting a visit from the renowned Blackbeard, now in this port, and I wish to welcome him with all respect and a full crew."

Black Paul smiled disagreeably. "I will tell you, sir, that you cannot keep these men on board much longer with the town of Balize within a row of half a mile. They've been at sea too long for that. There'll be a mutiny, sir, if I go forward with that message of yours. It will be prudent to let some of them go ashore now and others later in the day. I will go in the first boat and see to it that the men come back with me. And, by the way, it would not be a bad thing if I touch at Blackbeard's vessel and inform him that you are

here; I don't suppose he knows the *Revenge* nor her captain neither."

"I doubt that, Bittern," said Bonnet. "I doubt it very much. I assure you that I am known from one end of this coast to the other; and Captain Blackbeard is not an ignorant man. So you can go ashore and take some of the men, stopping at Blackbeard's ship—and, by the way, I want you to go by that bark of ours and give her the old black 'Roger' I used to fly! I forgot to send it to her, and a man might as well not own and command two vessels if he get not the credit of it."

When Black Paul had gone to execute his orders, Ben Greenway heaved a heavy sigh: "Now I begin to fear, Master Bonnet, that the day of your salvation has really gone by. When ye not only murder an' rob upon the high seas but keep consort with other murderers an' robbers, then I fear ye are indeed lost. But I shall stand by ye, Master Bonnet, I shall stand by ye, an' if ever I find there is the least bit o' ye to be snatched from the flames, I'll snatch it!"

"I don't like that sort of talk, Ben Greenway," cried Bonnet, "especially at this time when my soul swells with content at the success which has crowned my undertakings. This Blackbeard is a valiant man and a great one, but it is my belief that, when we have sat down to compare our notes, it will be found that I have captured as many cargoes, burned as many ships and marooned as many people in my last cruise as he has."

"So I suppose," said Ben, "that ye think ye have achieved the right to sink deeper into hell than he can ever hope to do?"

Bonnet made no answer, but turned away. The Scotchman was becoming more and more odious to him every day, but he would not quarrel on this most auspicious morning. He must keep his mind unruffled and his head high. He had his own plans about Greenway; he was not far from Barbadoes, and when he left the harbor of Balize it would be of advantage to his peace of mind as well as to the comfort of a faithful old servant if he should anchor for a little while in the river below the town and put Ben Greenway on shore.

Ben gave no further reason for quarrelling. He was greatly dejected, but he had sworn to himself to stand by his old master, no matter what might happen, and when he took an oath he meant what he swore.

Dickory Charter was in much worse case than Ben Greenway. He was not much of a geographical scholar, but he knew that the Bay of Honduras was not really very far from the island of Jamaica, where dwelt, waited and watched Mistress Kate Bonnet and his mother. If he had known that during the voyage down from the Atlantic coast the *Revenge* had sailed through the Windward Passage, running, in some of her long tacks, within less than a day's sail of Jamaica, he would have chafed, fumed and fretted even more than he did now.

"Captain Bonnet," he cried, "if you could but let me go on shore I might surely find some vessel bound to Kingston, or to any place upon the island of Jamaica from which spot I could make my way on foot even if it were on the most opposite end. Thus, I could take messages and letters from you to your daughter and Mr. Delaplaine, and ease the minds of both of them and my mother; all of whom must now be in most doleful plight, not knowing anything about you or hearing anything from me, and this for so long a time; then you could remain here with no feelings of haste until you had disposed of your cargoes and had finished your business."

Captain Bonnet stood loftily, with a smile of benignity upon his face. "It is a clever plan," said he, "and you are a good fellow, Dickory; but your scheme, though well-intentioned



BONNET COULD NOT COMPREHEND WHAT SORT OF A MAN IT WAS WHO STOOD BEFORE HIM



DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER

A BRUSH ON THE "SPEEDWAY," NEW YORK

THE HARLEM RIVER DRIVE, COMMONLY KNOWN AS THE "SPEEDWAY," IS A BROAD, MACADAMIZED ROAD, EXTENDING FROM ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FIFTH STREET FOR TWO AND A QUARTER MILES ALONG THE WESTERN BANK OF THE HARLEM RIVER. IT IS CLOSED TO ALL VEHICLES EXCEPT LIGHT ROAD WAGONS AND SULKIES. THE CITY BUILT THIS MAGNIFICENT





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KATE BONNET: The Romance of a Pirate's Daughter

is unsound. I have too much regard for you to trust you in any vessel sailing from Balize to Kingston, where there are often naval vessels. Going from this port, you would be as likely to be strung up to the yardarm as to be allowed to go ashore. Be patient, then, my good fellow; when my affairs are settled here, the *Revenge* may run up to the coast of Jamaica, where you may be put off at some quiet spot and all may happen as you have planned, my good Dickory. Even now I am writing a letter, hoping for some such opportunity of sending it to my daughter.

Dickory sighed in despair. It might take a month or more before Kate's father could settle his affairs, and how long, how long it had been since his soul had been reaching itself out toward Kate and his mother!

When the sailing-master set out in the longboat, crowded with men, he stopped at the bark, but did not go too near for fear that some of the crew might jump into his already overloaded boat.

"You are to run up this rag," cried Black Paul to Chip, the fellow in command; and so saying, he handed up the old "Jolly Roger" on the blade of an oar. "Our noble admiral fears that if you do not that you may be captured by some of these good vessels lying here about."

Chip roared out with a laugh: "I will attend to the capture as soon as I get out of reach of his guns, which he will not dare to use here, I take it. But I want you to know and him to know that we're not going to stay on board, and in sight of the town. If you go ashore, so go we."

"Stay where ye are till orders come to yer," shouted Black Paul, "if yer want to keep the cat off yer backs!" and as he rowed away the men on the bark gave him a cheer and proceeded to lower two boats.

From nearly every pirate ship in the anchorage, the proceedings of the newly arrived vessels had been watched. No one wanted to board them or in any way to interfere with them, until it was found out what they intended to do. The *Revenge* was a stranger in that harbor, although her fame was known on not a few pirate decks; but if she came to Balize to fraternize with the other pirate vessels there gathered together, why didn't she do it? No idea of importance and dignity, which his position imposed upon Captain Steele Bonnet, entered their piratical minds. When the longboat put forth from the *Revenge* a good deal of interest was excited in the anchored vessels. The great Blackbeard himself stood high upon his deck and surveyed the strangers through a glass.

The men in the sailing-master's boat rowed steadily toward Blackbeard's vessel. Bittern knew it well, for he had seen it before, and had even had the honor, so to speak, of having served for a short time under the master pirate of that day.

As soon as the boat was near enough Blackbeard hailed it in a tremendous voice and ordered the stranger to pull up and make fast. This being done, a rope ladder was lowered and Bittern mounted to the deck, being assisted in his passage over the side by a tremendous pull given by Blackbeard.

The great pirate seemed to be in high good spirits and very glad to see his visitor. Blackbeard was a large man, wide and heavy, and the first impression conveyed by his personality was that of hair and swarthy skin. An untrimmed black beard lay upon his chest, and his long hair hung in masses from under his slouched hat; his eyes were dark and sparkling and gleamed like beacon lights from out a midnight sky; the sleeves of his shirt were rolled up and his arms seemed almost as hairy as his head; two pairs of pistols were stuck into his belt, and a great cutlass was conveniently tucked up by his side.

"Ho, but!" he cried, "Black Paul! And where do you come from, and what are you doing here? And what is the name of that vessel with the brand-new 'Roger'? Has she just gone into the business that she decks herself out so fine? Come now, sit here and have some brandy and tell me what is the meaning of these two vessels coming into the harbor and what you have to do with them?"

Bittern was delighted to know that his old commander remembered him, and was ready enough to talk with him, for that was the errand he had come upon.

"But, captain," said he, "I am afraid to wander away from the gunwale; for, if I have not my eye upon them my men will be rowing to the town before I know it. They are mad to be on shore."

Blackbeard made no answer; he stepped to the side of the vessel and looked over. "Let go!" he shouted to the man who held the boat's rope; "and you rascals row out a dozen strokes from my vessel and keep your boat there; and if you move an oar toward the town I will sink you!" With that he ordered two small guns to be trained upon the boat.

The boat's crew did not hesitate one second in obeying these orders. They knew by whom they were given, and there was no man in the great body of free companions who would disobey an order given by Blackbeard. They rowed to the position assigned them and sat quietly looking into the mouths of the two cannon which were pointed toward them.

"Now then," said Blackbeard, turning to Bittern, "I think they'll stay there till they get some other order."

Between frequent sips at the cup of brandy, Bittern told the story of the *Revenge*, and Blackbeard listened with many an oath and many a pound upon his massive knee by his mighty fist.

"Oh, I have heard of him!" he cried, "I have heard of him. He has played the devil along the Atlantic coast. He must be a great fellow, this—What did you say his name was?"

"Bonnet," said the other. Blackbeard laughed: "That suits him well; he must have clapped his name over the eyes of many a merchant captain! Where did he sail before he hoisted the 'Jolly Roger'?"

At this Bittern laughed: "He never sailed anywhere, he is no seaman, and if he were not rich enough to pay others to do his navigation for him he would have run his vessel upon the first sandbar on his way from Bridgetown to the sea. But he pays some good mariner to sail his *Revenge*, and he now pays me; I am, in fact, the captain of his vessel."

"You mean," cried Blackbeard, "that he knows nothing of navigation?"

"Not a whit," replied the other; "he doesn't know the backstays from the taffrail. It was only yesterday that he thought he was already in the port of Balize and dressed himself up like a fighting-cock to meet you."

"To meet me?" roared Blackbeard. "What does he want to meet me for, and why don't he come and do it instead of sending you?"

"Not he," said Bittern; "he is a great man if not a sailor; he knows what is politeness on shipboard, and as he is the last comer you must be the first caller. He is all dressed up now, hoping that you will row over to the *Revenge* as soon as you know that he is its commander."

The hairy pirate leaned back and laughed in loud explosions. "He is a rare man, truly," he exclaimed, "this Captain Nightcap of yours!"

"Bonnet," interrupted Bittern.

"Well, one is as good as the other," cried Blackbeard, "and he be well clothed if it be of the right color. And you started out with him to sail his ship, you rascal? That's a piece of impudence almost as great as his own."

Bittern did not much like this speech, and wanted to explain that since he had served under Blackbeard he had commanded vessels himself, but he restrained himself and told how Sam Loftus had been tumbled overboard for running about his captain, and how he had been appointed to his place.

Now Blackbeard laughed again, with a great pound upon his knee. "He is a man after my own heart," he shouted, "he be sailor or no sailor, this nightcap commander of yours. I know I shall love him!" and, springing to his feet and uttering a resounding oath, he swore that he would visit his new brother that afternoon.

"Now away with you!" cried Blackbeard, "and tell Sir Nightcap—"

"Bonnet," interrupted Bittern.

"Well, Bonnet or Cap it matters not to me. Row straight back to your ship and let him know that I shall be there and shall expect to be received with admiral's honors."

Bittern looked somewhat embarrassed. "But, captain," he said, "my men are on the way to the town, and I fear they will rebel if I tell them they cannot now go there."

In saying this the sailing-master spoke not only for his men but for himself. He was very anxious to go ashore; he had business there; he wanted to see who were in the place, and what was going on before Bonnet should go to the town.

"What!" cried Blackbeard, putting his head down like a charging bull. "I order you to row back to your vessel and take my message, and if you do it not I will sink you all in a bunch! Into your boat, sir, and waste not another minute. If you are not able to command your men, I will keep you here and give them a coxswain who can."

Without another word, Bittern scuffled over the side, and his boat being brought up, he dropped into it.

"Now, men," he said, "I have a message from Captain Blackbeard to the *Revenge*; bend to it as I steer that way!"

"Give my pious regards to your Sir Nightcap," shouted Blackbeard. And then, in a still higher tone, he yelled to them that if they disobeyed their coxswain and turned their bows shoreward he would sink them all to the unsounded depths of Hades. Without a protest, the men pulled vigorously toward the *Revenge*, while Black Paul, considering it a new affront to be called "coxswain" when he was in reality captain, earnestly sent Blackbeard to the same regions to which he had just referred.

CHAPTER XVII

AN ORNAMENTED BEARD



IT WAS ABOUT the middle of the afternoon when a large boat, well filled, was seen approaching the *Revenge* from Blackbeard's vessel.

As soon as it had become known that this chief of all pirates of that day, this Edward Thatch of England, was really coming on board the *Revenge*, not one word was uttered among the crew on the subject of going ashore, although they had been long at sea. The shore could wait when Blackbeard was coming. Even to look upon this doughty desperado would be an honor and a joy to the brawny scoundrels who made up the crew of the *Revenge*.

It might have been supposed that everything upon Captain Bonnet's vessel had been made ready for the expected advent of Blackbeard, but nothing seemed good enough, nothing seemed as effectively placed and arranged as it might have been, and, with execrations and commands, Bonnet hurried here and there making everything, if possible, more shipshape than it had been before.

"Stay, you two, in the background," he said to Ben Greenway and Dickory; "you are both landmen and you don't count in a ceremony such as this is going to be. Station your men as I told you, Bittern, and man the yards when it is time."

Captain Bonnet, in his brave uniform, and wearing a cocked hat with a feather, his hand upon his sword-hilt, stood up tall and stately. When the boat was made fast, and the great pirate's head appeared above the rail, six cannon roared a welcome, and Bonnet stepped forward, hand extended and hat uplifted.

The instant Blackbeard's feet touched the deck he drew from their holsters a pair of pistols and fired them in the air.

"Now, then," he shouted, "we are even, salute for salute; for my pistols are more than equal to the cannon of any other man. How goes it with you, Sir Nightcap—Bonnet, I mean?" and with that he clasped the hand reached out to him in a bone-crushing grasp.

His fingers aching and his brain astonished, Bonnet could not comprehend what sort of a man it was who stood before him. With hair purposely disheveled; with his hat more slouched than usual; with his beard divided into tails each tied with a different colored ribbon; with half a dozen pistols strung across his breast; with other pistols and a knife or two stuck into his belt; with his great sword by his side and his eyes gleaming brighter than ever and a general expression,

both in face and figure, of an aggressive impudence, Blackbeard stood on his stout legs, clothed in rough, red stockings, and gazed about him. But the captain of the *Revenge* did not forget his manners. He welcomed Blackbeard with all courtesy and besought him to enter his poor cabin.

Blackbeard laughed: "Poor cabin, say you? But I'll tell you this one thing, my valiant Captain Cap, you have not a poor vessel, not a poor vessel, I swear that to you, my brave captain, I swear that!"

Then, with no attention to Bonnet's invitation, Captain Blackbeard strolled about the deck, examining everything, cursing this and praising that, and followed by Captain Bonnet, Black Paul, and a crowd of admiring pirates.

Ben Greenway bowed his head and groaned: "I doubt if Master Bonnet will ever go to the de'il as I feared he would, for now has the de'il come to him. Oh, Dickory, Dickory! this master o' mine was a worthy mon an' a good one when I first came to him, an' all that I have I owe to him, for I was in sad case, Dickory, very sad case; but now, that he has Apollyon for his teacher, he'll cease to know righteousness altogether."

Dickory was angry and out of spirits. "He is a vile poltroon, this master of yours," said he, "consorting with these bloody pirates and leaving his daughter to pine away her days and nights within a little sail of him, while he struts about at the heel of a dirty freebooter dressed like a monkey! He doesn't deserve the daughter he possesses. Oh, that I could find a ship that would take me back to Jamaica! And I would take you, too, Ben Greenway; for it is a foul shame that a good man should spend his days in such vile company."

Ben shook his head. "I'll stand by Master Bonnet," he said, "until the day comes when I shall bid him farewell at the door o' hell. I can go no further than that, Dickory, no further than that!"

From forecabin to quarter-deck, from bowsprit to taffrail, Blackbeard scrutinized the *Revenge*.

"What mean you, dog?" he said to Bittern, Bonnet being at a little distance. "You tell me he is no mariner; this is a brave ship and well appointed."

"Ay, ay," said the sailing-master, "it has the neatness of his kitchen or his storerooms, but if his cables were coiled on his yardarms or his anchor hung up to dry upon the main shrouds he would not know that anything was wrong. It was Big Sam Loftus who fitted out the *Revenge*, and I myself have kept everything in good order and shipshape ever since I took command."

"Command!" growled Blackbeard; "for a charge of powder I would knock in the side of your head for speaking with such disrespect of the brave Sir Nightcap."

The supper in the cabin of the *Revenge* was a better meal than the voracious Blackbeard had partaken of for many a year—if, indeed, he had ever sat down to such a sumptuous repast. Before him was food and drink fit for a stout and hungry sea-faring man; and there were wines and dainties which would have had fit place upon the table of a gentleman.

Blackbeard was in high spirits, and tossed off cup after cup, and glass after glass of the choicest wine and the most fiery spirits. He clapped his well-mannered host upon the back as he shouted some fragment of a wild sea song.

"And who is this?" he cried, as they rose from the table and he first caught sight of Ben Greenway. "Is this your chaplain? He looks as sanctimonious as an empty rum cask. And that baby boy there, what do you keep him for? Are they for sale? I would like to buy the boy and let him keep my accounts. I warrant he has enough arithmetic in his head to divide the prize moneys among the men."

"He is no slave," said Bonnet; "he came to this vessel to bring me a message from my daughter; but he is an ill-bred stripling and can neither read nor write."

"Then let's kill him!" cried Blackbeard, and, drawing his pistol, he sent a ball about two inches above Dickory's head.

At this, the men who had gathered themselves at every available point, set up a cheer. Never before had they beheld such a magnificent and reckless miscreant.

Dickory did not start or move, but he turned very pale, and then he reddened and his eyes flashed. Blackbeard swore at him a great approbative oath. "A brave boy!" he cried, "and fit to carry messages if for nothing else. And what is this nonsense about a daughter?" said he to Bonnet. "We abide no such creatures in the ranks of the free companions; we drown them like kittens before we hoist the 'Jolly Roger.'"

When Blackbeard's boat left the ship's side the departing chieftain fired his pistols in the air as long as their charges lasted, while the motley desperados of the *Revenge* gave him many a parting yell. Then all the boats of the *Revenge* were lowered and every man who could crowd into them left their ship for the shore. Black Paul tried to restrain them, for he feared to leave the *Revenge* too weakly manned, she having such a valuable cargo; but his orders and shouts were of no avail, and, despairing of stopping them, the sailing-master went with them; and, as they pulled wildly toward the town, the men of one boat shouted to another, and that one to another, "Hurrah for our captain, the brave Sir Nightcap! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

"The dirty Satan!" exclaimed Dickory, as he gazed after Blackbeard's boat. "I would kill him if I could."

"Say not so, Dickory," said Captain Bonnet, speaking gravely. "That great pirate is not a man of breeding, and he speaks with disesteem alike of friend and enemy, but he is the famous Blackbeard and we must treat him with honor although he pays us none."

"I had deemed," said Greenway calmly, "that ye were going to be the most unholly sinner that ever blackened this fair earth, but not only did ye tell a pious lie for the sake o' good Dickory, but, compared wi' that monstrosity, ye are a saint graven in marble, Master Bonnet, a white and shapely saint."

Blackbeard's boat was not rowed to his vessel, but his men pulled steadily shoreward.

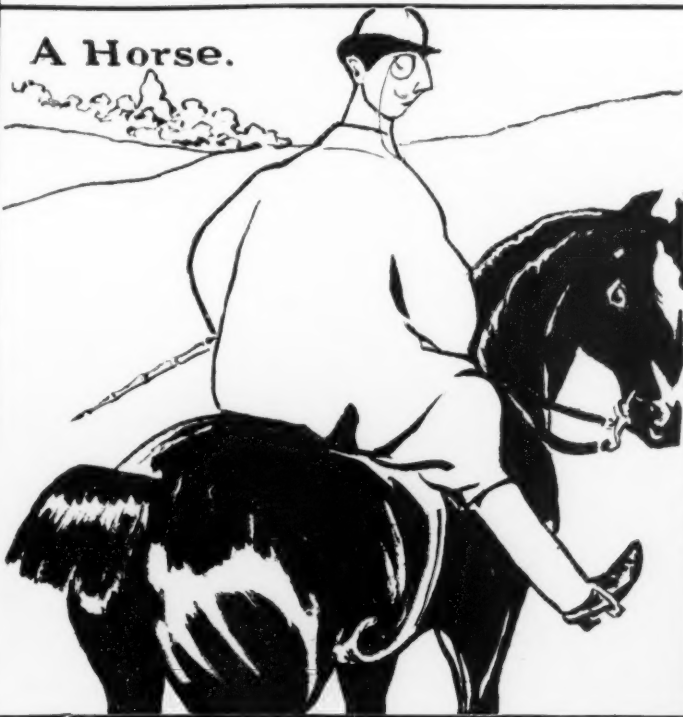
With the wild crew of the *Revenge*, fresh from sea and their appetites whetted for jovial riot, and with Blackbeard, his warpaint on, to lead them into every turbulent excess, there were wild times in the town of Balize that night.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The New Natural History—No. 6

By OLIVER HERFORD

A Horse.



THE HORSE

THIS noble BEAST—
But, why discourse
Upon the VIRTUES of the HORSE?
They are too numerous to tell
Save when you have a HORSE to
SELL.
No BEAST has done so much as he
To elevate SOCIETY—

How COULD SOCIETY GET ON
(Or off) my CHILD, if he were gone?
We OWE him MUCH, yet who can
say
He ever asked us to REPAY?
Ah, CHILD! How BRIGHT the
WORLD would be
If CREDITORS were ALL as he.

With The Russians In Asia

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5)

Japan is not going to Manchuria in this round-about way. It is here, and not at Port Arthur, that the Russian men-of-war will find refuge in case of need; and if they emerge, it will be under cover of a blessing which was denied to Cervera at Santiago.

Ten years ago, Russian expansion pleaded the excuse that Vladivostok was not an ice-free port. Now, Port Arthur being "leased," all Vladivostok hastens to inform you that, thanks to the ice-breaker, the harbor is open the year round. So it is. You are also asked, as you are by the enthusiasts at Kiao-chow, to behold the future Liverpool of the East, while the trade of both for a year is not equal to that of Hong Kong for a week. Then comes the question: If, as Vladivostok dines in your ears, it, and not Newchong or Dalui, is to be the great Russian commercial port in the East, what becomes of the argument of Russian apologists that Russia must have Manchuria as a justifiable outlet to the sea? Still, Hong Kong need not tremble yet. During my three days in Vladivostok, aside from three merchant vessels, there were two Japanese merchant vessels and a Russian troopship from Odessa, aside from the men-of-war in port.

SWORDS AND BAYONETS IN VLADIVOSTOCK

Wherever there is a man with a bayonet or a sword in Vladivostok, wherever there is a man driving a horse, or a human being, he is a Russian. In this white man's climate, physical labor is as entirely out of the hands as in tropical colonies where pith helmets protect the valuable gray matter of soft-handed rulers from the sun. A Chinese driver would be a disgrace among a nation of horsemen. Every drowsy man is a Russian. Over unpaved streets, through gullies and beside miniature preppies rattles the lazy man's carriage, with its step only a foot above the ground. Nineteen out of twenty are occupied by officers who are driven at such a pace that one wonders if war has been suddenly declared. But they are really in no haste, hurry being against the Slavonic theory of life. They are going to cafes, where they will sit for hours at a meal in a fusillade of conversation about nothings, which digest meals of a quality and a variety which would appall the American stomach. Subalterns from outlying garrisons spend their wages in champagne, and then knock their spurred heels together in farewells to friends, feminine as well as

masculine, and return to tea, beef soup and brown bread at their barracks.

The occasional Russian merchant is a portly being in drab, with a portfolio under his arm, who drinks champagne the year round. For, from what I saw of the cafes, a Russian in a frontier town spends his surplus income on wine instead of town lots. Big, vigorous, if unmuscular, men they are, who will allow nothing to rob them of their ease and afternoon tea. Exercise is a necessity, never a source of pleasure. There is no rowing, no yachting, no shooting, no hunting. Only the foolish Englishman does these things. And is he any healthier or happier than the Russian? Not if the laughter and clatter of voices in the cafes are any criterion!

"I should like to climb that mountain," I said one beautiful morning to a Russian.

"Why?" he asked. "Do you think there's gold at the top?" He thought that he knew his American well.

"No. For pleasure."

"For pleasure!" he repeated politely and indulgently.

Whatever the Russian does is on a big scale. There are many fine buildings of white concrete with great bare rooms in Vladivostok. All the work on them in their construction, skilled and unskilled, was done by the Chinese, who

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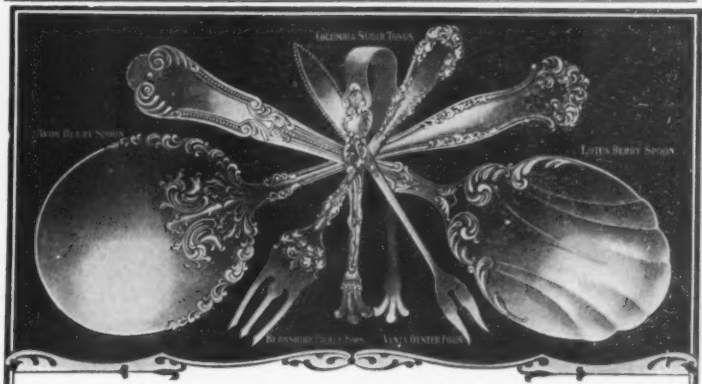
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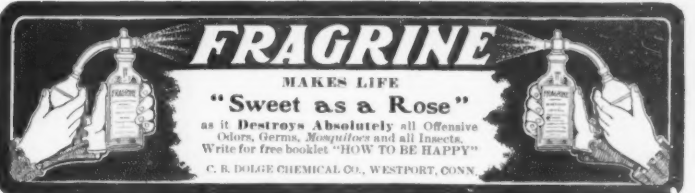
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THE ADMIRAL AT ANCHORAGE

THE STATION AT VLADIVOSTOK

drive the little wagons that take the place of trucks, if not the droschki. The Admiral's palace, which is the first building to catch your eye as you enter the harbor, has its rear flush with the main street, with the rattle of carriages to lull his Excellency to sleep—which is another way of stating an impression that the Russian is fond of noise. Most of the other fine buildings are governmental. In the post-office, where every clerk has as much room as the president of an insurance company, a purchase of stamps must wait upon afternoon tea. Why shouldn't it? What is the use of living if you have to rush? The pay of the clerk is thirty dollars a month, and he wears a uniform, of course. The biggest store in the place, which employs one hundred and twenty clerks, is owned by the German firm which has twenty other stores in Siberia.

"TICKET-OF-LEAVE" MEN

Aside from the uniforms, the Chinese and the merchants, one sees in the streets another type which is the curse of Siberia—the ticket-of-leave convict—a being in patched coat, unkempt beard and matted hair—a foreign counterpart of our "hobo." No one will give him employment; he would not work if they would. He is a beggar by day, an outlaw by night, who makes the streets unsafe after dark. Russian good-nature and false governmental economy leave him to his own resources. When he commits crime he gets short shrift. Not long ago two of them robbed a church and murdered the sacristan. They were hanged three days afterward.

Upon the wall of the solid stone station by the waterside is the inscription, "To St. Petersburg 9877 versts," which forcibly reminds one how far the plodding Cossack has carried the empire that Peter began. "Here I am; here I rest," said the old Russian general on a famous occasion. Once a day—it is truly a great function—a train drawn by a wood-burning Baldwin locomotive leaves here after much clanging of warning bells; after many lips had pressed each other in long embrace. We passed out, leaving behind on the platform a Milky Way of brass buttons. We proceeded with great deliberation until the harbor, with its men-of-war and its great floating dock and the white buildings, arsenal and barracks, were replaced by what seemed an uninhabited country. (Of Russian trains and railroad methods I shall have something to say at another time.)

This step to Philadelphia in crossing the continent, this journey to Khabarovsk, which is the capital of Eastern Siberia, was sufficient to convince the most superficial observer of the resources of Siberia, and also sufficient to warn him, when he looked at the flat-faced, stupid,

slow-moving settlers, that it will be a long time before Russian tour will compete with ours at Hong Kong and Shanghai. It was one continuous vista of meadows growing a tall grass and blooming with beautiful wild flowers between scrubby wooded hills. We passed gangs of Chinese and Korean workmen, keeping the line in condition to permit a speed of twenty miles an hour. We stopped at a few stations, neatly built of wood and all of the same governmental type, with straggling log houses of a settlement near by.

MILITARY RULE IS PARAMOUNT

If I had been coming from Moscow, and therefore in the last instead of the first stages of the journey, I should not have been surprised to find the Khabarovsk station two miles from the town. To me (unless the droschki drivers have a powerful union) this seemed as uncalled for as to leave the train from Philadelphia two miles out of Jersey City. But Russian engineers are pure theorists, educated by rule of thumb, who regard trade as something ungentlemanly which ought not to be brought in close contact with governmental institutions. Besides, they have military reasons for many things which the Occidental mind does not readily grasp. (General Gradekov's first order upon the outbreak of the Boxer rebellion was against phonographing, which must have been a terrible blow to the Boxers' highly organized Intelligence Service.)

I had to wait a day in Khabarovsk for the steamer to Blagoveshensk. Siberian garrisons seem limited in their wants. The hotels were relatively as bad as the streets, which were worse than those of Vladivostok. On a bluff is a statue of the great Muraviev. He has his glasses in his hand, with one foot resting on conquered soil while he gazes toward Manchuria and China. Beneath him stretches the mighty surface of the river, disappearing in plain and lake. The sky was a bright blue dome, such as you see from our own plains, decked by patches of filmy clouds which seemed so light that a breath could blow them away. The sun was hot, but the air was the invigorating air of the north. At the conqueror's feet were the same type of river steamers which made St. Louis the early metropolis of the West. The sparse settlement of log houses shows how little of the real conquest—that of the plow—has yet been accomplished. Russia does not need Manchuria; she needs Oklahoma "boomers." But General Gradekov, who, from the governor's house nearby, commands two hundred thousand troops and rules Siberia from Baikal to the Pacific, and most of Manchuria as well, would call that heresy.

Street Etiquette in New York

By LILIAN BELL

AUTHOR OF "THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF AN OLD MAID," ETC.

TO FOLLOW one's daily walk and occupation becomes more and more difficult in New York every year. Every day street traffic grows more insistent, surface cars run faster, coachmen drive more recklessly, until to cross a New York street requires a steadier nerve than to cross Niagara on a tight rope or to ride a bicycle down a flight of steps. Indeed, the only time that I am completely satisfied with Tammany rule is when a huge policeman tucks me under his arm and gets me across a street without my losing every hairpin out of my rising hair. Soon New York will rival Paris for reckless driving. In Paris, if you are run over and killed they fine your corpse for having been in the way.

ETIQUETTE OF THE CARS

In New York, street-car etiquette, or the etiquette of any public conveyance, is something highly interesting from its variety of selfishness and rudeness. New York manners are seldom aggressively rude. Chicago manners in public are rude—insolently, heartlessly rude. You are pushed about, walked over, elbowed aside and often bodily hurt in crowds of their own selfish making. Not so in New York. Civilization has gone a step further here. Men never step on you, but they gently step ahead of you and take the seat you are aiming for. Then they sit sideways and occupy one and a half seats, but if

you beg them to move and let you have the remaining space, two men may rise, one nearly always does, and takes off his hat and begs you to have his place! Then all the eyes in the car are fixed on you—not reprovingly, or smilingly or in derision or reproach, but earnestly as if you form a social study which it might be worth their while to investigate. Never once during a year's observation of surface car phenomena have I seen a row of luxuriously seated people make a movement to give place to a newcomer, no matter how old or how well groomed she may be. Even ladies will sometimes give their seats to each other, but they won't "move up." In Chicago I once heard a conductor call out, "The gentlemen will please step forward and the ladies sit closer." If I knew where that man was I would try to get him a position with the Metropolitan, for a New York conductor would never think of taking that much interest in his passengers. As a conductor said here in New York, when I reproved him for not obeying my signal, "Schmaltz bit do I care!" And in that he uttered the motto by which he lived.

I can earnestly commend the surface cars of New York as the most awkward and uncomfortable to climb in and out of that I have ever seen. I use the word "climb" advisedly, as the step is so high that one must take both hands to hoist one's self, while the conductor is generally obliged to reach down and seize

Nobody else but me puts his name on lamp chimneys—there's mighty good reason for that.

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If you'll send your address, I'll send you the Index to Lamps and their Chimneys, to tell you what number to get for your lamp.

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Signed *Frederick* in Blue

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Every Evening at 8:15. Saturday Matinee at 2.

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Tender, Juicy, Appetizing

meats are cooked in an Arnold Steam Cooker. The cook can perform other household duties at the same time without washing and worry, and the meat cannot burn. It boils, bakes and roasts vegetables, meats, dumplings, etc., without contact with steam, and saves the appetizing flavors. There is no smoke, steam or smell. Don't judge the Arnold by any other steam cooker—there is none like it. Circulars tell why. Good agents wanted; comfortable income earned agents of character and good appearance. Wilmet Castle & Co., 28 Elm St., Rochester, N. Y.

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Send 4 cents for the "Enterprising Housekeeper"—contains 200 recipes.

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The age of the "Club Cocktails," the pure liquors used, the perfect blending, make them better than you can mix; better than any cocktail served over any bar in the world. Send home a bottle of Manhattan, Martini, Whiskey, Holland or Tom Gin, Vermouth or York, to-day.

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on your kitchen stove furnishes plenty of dis-tilled, aerated water at trifling cost. Simple as a toaster. Justice David J. Brewer, U. S. Supreme Court, writes: "I have used your Sanitary Still. It has furnished wholesome water, and I take pleasure in recommending it to all who desire pure water. The still is simple and easy to operate. The Sanitary Still is used in the WHITE HOUSE. Highest award at Paris Exposition. Durability unequalled. Avoid cheap and flimsy stills."

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BEST and MOST ECONOMICAL 33c
COFFEE GROWN.
Requires Only TWO-THIRDS the regular quantity. Always packed in 4-lb. Grade-mark red bags.
Good Coffee, 13c. & 15c.
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THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
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BIRD MANNA

Secret of the Birds. Is the Joy of Birds. Makes Chattering, Relishably Mocking and all other Birds. Sold by Druggists.

Makes Homestap. Restores Caged Birds to health and song. The Canaries Delight. Restores the feathers Matted for 15 cents.

BIRD FOOD COMPANY, No. 400 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

the ambitious woman by the arm to assist her. The bell rings while you are still on the lower step; the conductor says, "Step lively, please;" the car attains its maximum of speed at one jump; the conductor puts his dirty hand on your white silk back and gives you a forward shove, and you plunge into the nearest seat, apologizing to the people on each side of you for having sat in their laps. Then comes a cry, "Hold fast!" and around a curve you go at a speed which throws people down, and on one occasion I saw a woman pitched from her seat.

THE WAYS OF BOSTON

The Boston street railway system is the most perfect of any American city that I know of. There they pursue such a leisurely course, that a Boston woman never rises from her seat until the car has come to a full stop. In fact, my sister Bee and I were identified as strangers in town by the husband of our friend who met us at the terminus of one of the street-car lines with his carriage. He never having seen us, and walking up to us without hesitation, naturally led me to ask how he knew us. He answered, "Oh, I saw you walking through the car before it reached the corner and standing on the platform when it stopped, so I said to myself, 'There they are!'"

I have said that the etiquette of any public conveyance in New York is interesting from its varieties of selfishness. Let me confine that statement to surface cars and elevated roads and ferryboats, and allow me to make an exception of that dignified relic of antiquity, the Fifth Avenue stage. The most uncomfortable vehicle going, yet let me give the angel his due—in a stage, people do move up; everybody waits on everybody else; hands fare, rings for change, and pays all of the sweet old-fashioned courtesies which went from a busy city life with the advent of the conductor, the autocrat of ill-manners and indifference.

FUNERALS AND BAD LUCK

Superstition evidently does not obtain on one subject at least, and that is the bad luck supposed to accrue from crossing a funeral procession. Never in any other city in the world have I seen such rudeness exhibited toward the following of the dead to their last resting place as I have seen in New York. The beautiful custom in Catholic countries, not only of giving them the right of way, but of the men removing their hats while the procession passes, has resolved itself here into a funeral procession going at a run, the driver of the hearse watching his chance and fairly ducking between trucks and surface cars, jolting the casket over the tracks, until I myself have seen the wreaths slip from their places, and sometimes, for five or ten minutes, the hearse separated from its following carriages by a procession of vehicles which the policeman at the crossing had permitted to interfere. Such a proceeding is a disgrace to our boasted civilization. We are not yet too busy, nor too poor, to allow our business to pause for a moment to let the solemn procession of the dead pass uninterrupted and in dignity to its last resting-place. Such consideration would permit them to drive at a reasonably slow pace, in keeping with the mournful feelings of the followers.

My brother once told me that I was so slow that some day I would get run over by a hearse. Not being an acrobat, that fate may yet overtake me in New York and yet be no disgrace to my activity.

FOOD

GOOD COFFEE MAKER.

Experience With the Berry.

"I have gained twenty five pounds since I left off coffee and began drinking Postum Food Coffee in its place.

I had become very thin in flesh and suffered tortures with heartburn, was a nervous wreck with headache practically all the time until one dreadful day when the good doctor told me I must quit drinking coffee, as he had nothing left to try, to relieve me.

I could not drink tea and had tried everything else, even Postum, but put it by at the first trial, because it was tasteless.

Forced to it again, I determined to see if it could not be made palatable and found at once that when I followed directions and boiled it long enough, that I not only liked it but gave it to my husband for several days without his finding it out. I have the name of making splendid coffee, and we always used the best, but of late I have given Postum to guests many times in place of coffee and have never been detected yet.

Our four children have not drank coffee for three years, and all have gained health and flesh since using Postum. One son, who was always sick, has been greatly benefited by its use, and as above stated, I have gained twenty-five pounds since taking up Postum. I am healthier to-day than I have been for years and give Postum all the credit. Please do not use my name in public."

This lady lives in Burlington, Iowa, and the name will be furnished by the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., to those interested.

Its True Character

Catarrh is Not a Local Disease.

Although physicians have known for years that catarrh was not a local disease but a constitutional or blood disorder, yet the mass of the people still continue to believe it is simply a local trouble and try to cure it with purely local remedies, like powders, snuffs, ointments and inhalers.

These local remedies, if they accomplish anything at all, simply give a very temporary relief and it is doubtful if a permanent cure of catarrh has ever been accomplished by local sprays, washes and inhalers. They may clear the mucous membrane from the excessive secretion but it returns in a few hours as bad as ever, and the result can hardly be otherwise because the blood is loaded with catarrhal poison and it requires no argument to convince anyone that local washes and sprays have absolutely no effect on the blood.

Dr. Ainsworth says, "I have long since discontinued the use of sprays and washes for catarrh of head and throat, because they simply relieve and do not cure."

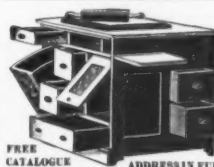
For some time past I have used only one treatment for all forms of catarrh and the results have been uniformly good, the remedy I use and recommend is Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, a pleasant and harmless preparation sold by druggists at 50c., but my experience has proven one package of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets to be worth a dozen local treatments.

The tablets are composed of Hydrasin, Sanguinaria, Red Gum, Guaiacol and other safe antiseptics and any catarrh sufferer can use them with full assurance that they contain no poisonous opiates and that they are the most reasonable and successful treatment for radical cure of catarrh at present known to the profession."

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are large, pleasant tasting 20 grain lozenges, to be dissolved in the mouth and reach the delicate membranes of throat and trachea, and immediately relieve any irritation, while their final action on the blood removes the catarrhal poison from the whole system. All druggists sell them at 50c. for complete treatment.

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will be the feature of the St. Louis World's Fair in 1903. 790 feet high, made entirely of steel; cost, \$2,000,000. In it will be coliseum, theatre, music hall, a movable cafe, palm gardens, illustrated dome. Capacity, 50,000 people.

In all this Colossal Structure Faust Blend Coffee will be served exclusively.

Mr. C. F. Blanke, the President of the Friede-Blanke Aerial Globe Co., the promoters, is also President of the C. F. Blanke Tea and Coffee Co., who make the world-famous Faust Blend Coffee.

If your grocer does not keep Faust Blend in stock, send us 50c. in stamps for a sample 20-cent can, and we will enclose photograph and interesting descriptive matter of the wonderful Friede Aerial Globe.

We have 3,000 new packs of "Faust" playing cards of a quality which usually retail at 75c. Send 50c. in stamps for a pack by mail, prepaid, or \$5.00 for one dozen pack.

C. F. Blanke Tea and Coffee Co., St. Louis

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\$25,000 PROFIT

made by a Missouri Man in one year, growing Ginseng, on one-half acre. You can do the same. Grows everywhere in the United States; can be grown in small gardens, as well as on farms; no crop so profitable; several million dollars worth exported each year; demand increasing. Complete book telling about this wonderful Ginseng, 10 cents. Circulars free.

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The excessive use of alcohol produces a disease which yields easily to the

Paquin Immune Treatment

This treatment for alcoholism is self-administered by the patient at home without publicity or detention from business. The craving appetite is permanently removed without resorting to will power, as the patient is entirely immunized from further desire as well as cured from the disease which causes the desire for the stimulants. It is in high favor as there are no bad after effects. This treatment has reclaimed hundreds of relapses from other treatments. Upon application we will send facsimile letters and endorsements from business firms and ministers of national reputation.



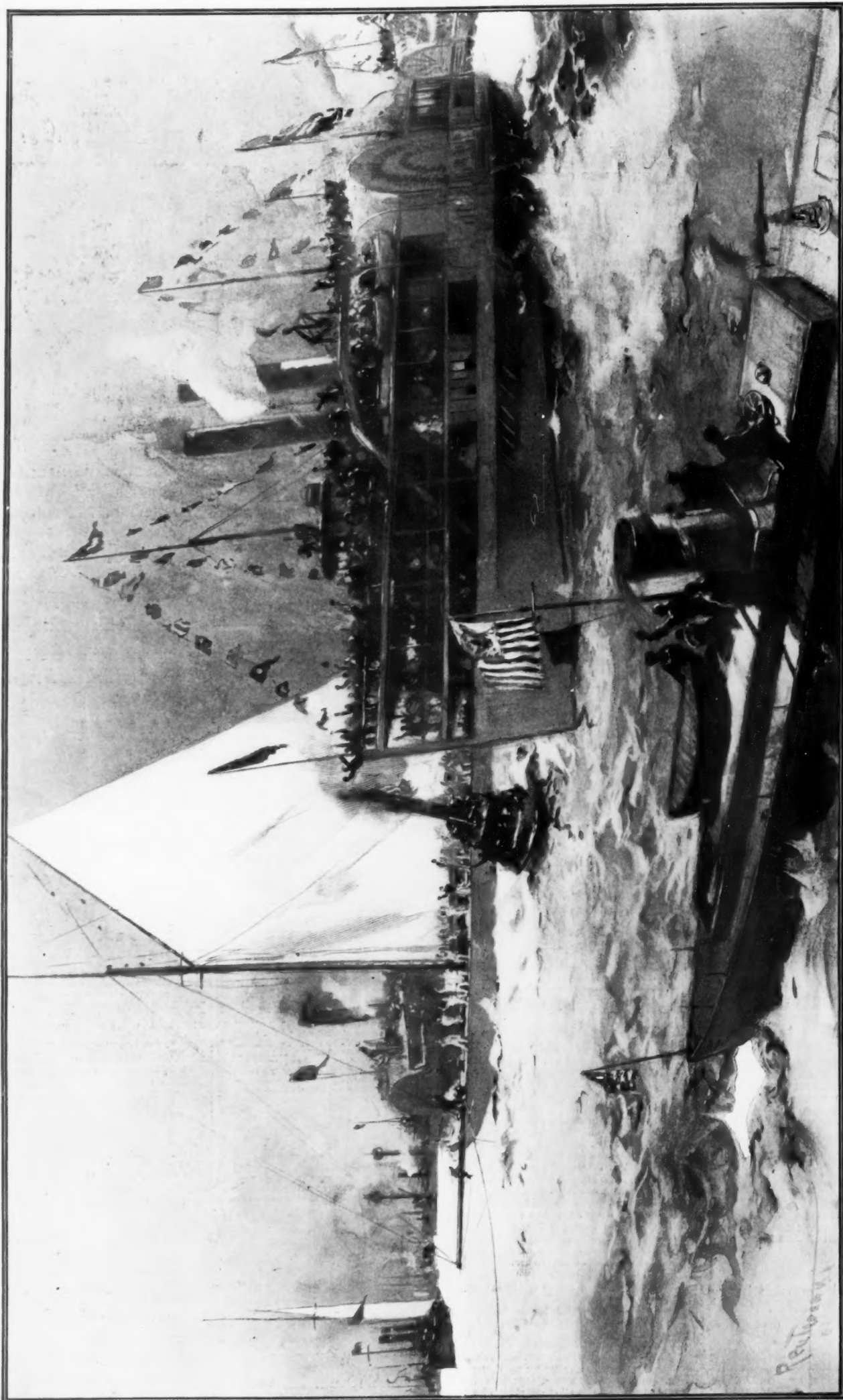
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ST. LOUIS, MO.



DRAWN BY H. REUTERMAN.

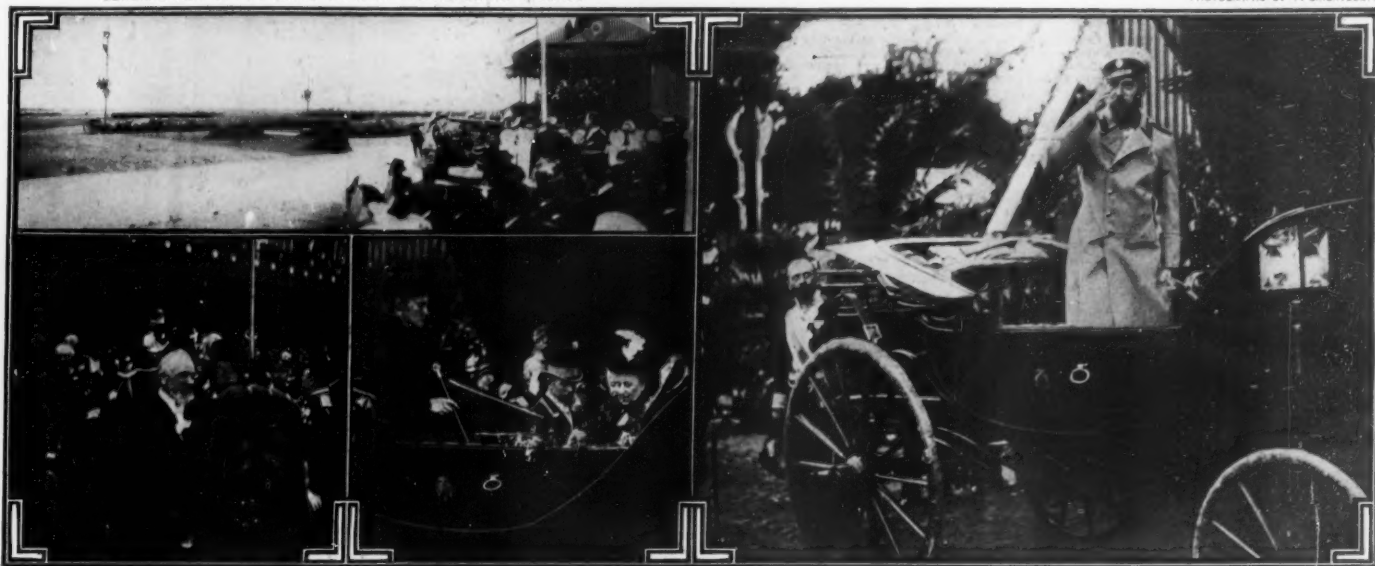
“‘COLUMBIA,’ THE GEM OF THE OCEAN!”

HOW THE EXCURSION FLEET, PACKED WITH CHEERING PASSENGERS AND CARRYING BANDS PLAYING THE NATIONAL AIR, GREETED THE AMERICA'S CUP WINNER AS SHE WAS TOWED TO HER ANCHORAGE INSIDE THE SANDY HOOK HORSESHOE, AFTER THE FINAL RACE OF OCTOBER 4, WHEN SHE BEAT THE CHALLENGER, “SHAMROCK II,” BY FORTY-ONE SECONDS AND SAVED THE CUP

THE CZAR'S VISIT TO FRANCE

GENERAL VIEW OF THE GRAND STAND AT THE REVIEWING GROUNDS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY V. GRIBAYEDOFF



PRESIDENT LOUBET AWARDING MEDALS

THE CZARINA

THE CZAR'S SALUTE TO THE PASSING TROOP

The principal entertainments offered to the Czar by his French hosts were manoeuvres and reviews of thousands of soldiers. The Russian Emperor seemed to enjoy these sights, however, and displayed much interest in the workings of the new French field-piece. The Empress attended all these military functions and devoted considerable time to taking snapshots with a small hand-camera

THE LAST RACE FOR THE CUP

THOSE who saw the final Cup race said, after it was over, that never again would such a race be seen—told their friends who had not gone out to see it that they had missed the chance of their lives. Out with the wind and a dead beat back, there was not as much excitement at the start as there was for the previous races. Each boat was trying to be the last across the line, so as to be able to blanket the other, and took the whole of the extra two minutes allowed by the American rule of starting, and finally *Shamrock* crossed twenty seconds behind *Columbia*.

From the time the two yachts set their sails they hovered at a distance apart—*Shamrock* nearer the starting line, waiting to give battle to her opponent. It was an absolutely ideal day for the race—a free, fresh twelve-knot breeze and smooth water from an off-shore wind. At a terrific pace, *Columbia* swooped down toward the line with the firing of the five-minute gun to give battle. In a few seconds they were literally "grappling in the central blue" of sea and clear sky-blowing wind. *Shamrock*, from idling, bore away suddenly to meet *Columbia*, crossed her stern, and, locked together, crossed the line outward. Then they luffed until, even with their great momentum, they were both nearly hove to to a standstill—separated and swooped toward the committee boat on the port extremity of the line, and with thirty seconds to go, *Sycamore* had captured the weather berth.

Under the huge spinnakers and balloon jibs they raced on, side by side, to a nice breeze, when gradually, very gradually, *Shamrock* was seen to be creeping up; she got level, and then they went along bow and bow. Slowly but surely *Shamrock* forged ahead, and then led the defender with clear water between them. Three-quarters of the journey to the mark, *Shamrock* had got a lead of a quarter of a mile. Then *Columbia* got a lucky streak of wind that lessened the gap considerably.

Both boats were now on the starboard tack, but shortly

after rounding, Barr threw round on the port. To the surprise of every one, *Sycamore* held on instead of following his example. Had he not suffered Barr to split tacks, but had gone about on his weather, he would have had the benefit of every puff that came to *Columbia* and would have got that same wind first. It is difficult to understand what prompted this manoeuvre, which, in the opinion of many, lost the race for *Shamrock*. When after a long board they went about again and crossed, *Shamrock* was still well to windward.

Although the yachts were widely separated, it was now quite obvious that *Columbia* was getting the better wind, and at times looked up much better to windward. She sat up in these puffs, but *Shamrock* also occasionally got a favoring slant.

A STIRRING CONTEST

As the excitement of the race increased, the wind gradually fell off in an aggravating and tantalizing manner. The boats were moving much more slowly, and were so far apart that it was impossible for the anxious onlookers to accurately estimate what the distance was between them. The excitement became intense as the yachts approached each other, less than half a mile from the finishing line. To the eyes eagerly glued to glasses it soon became evident that *Columbia* had picked up, but the finish was to be a matter of seconds. Nearer and nearer they drew, until *Shamrock* went about on the port tack to cross the line. Just barely grazing the Sandy Hook Lightship, the shadow of her sails curtained off the evening sunlight. Slowly from the lightship's side, and *Shamrock*, fore-reaching, stood upright and almost quite still as if drawing a long breath after the desperate struggle. Alongside her was *Columbia*, only two seconds behind, which thus won the race on her time allowance.

It was a great finish of one of the best yacht races that ever has been. It was not till the launch came from the

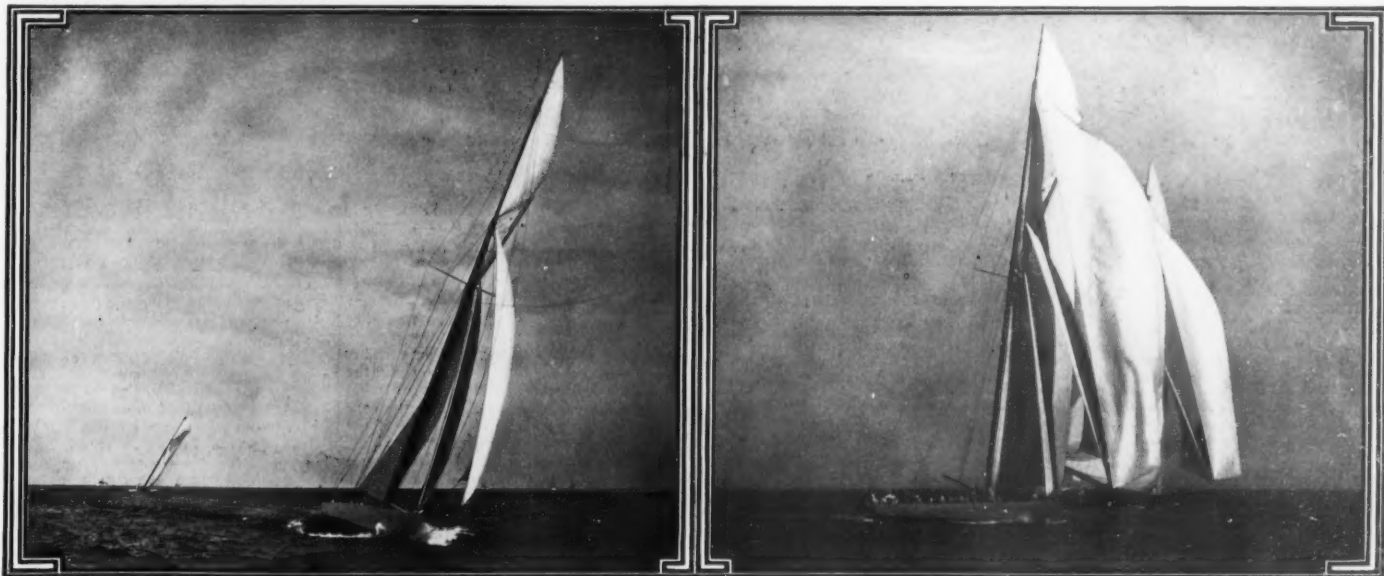
committee boat with the result that Sir Thomas and his guests had their worst fears confirmed and felt the full blow of a great disappointment. "Up to the very finish they had felt almost certain of winning, and among the Americans on board I don't think there was one who would not have wished him to have won that single race at least, even if their generous sympathy would not have carried them further. For some minutes there was silence among the crowd on the upper deck of *Erin*. Many eyes were turned to Sir Thomas, who stood on the bridge. He stepped forward, and leaning on the rail, said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am going to steer *Erin* alongside *Columbia*, and I want you to join with me in giving her three hearty cheers."

There was a genuinely sportsmanlike touch about this, coming immediately after the blow of a cruel disappointment, and his friends and guests cheered him not less heartily than they did *Columbia*, when we passed her a few minutes after. Then, in the saloon afterward, in a short, graceful speech, one of his American friends put the whole situation very neatly when he said that Sir Thomas had won and would carry back a trophy more valuable than the America's Cup, as he had won the esteem and love of the American people.

All the contests have undoubtedly been carried on in the best of entirely sportsmanlike good feeling, and have not been marred by a single hitch. To those who, like myself, came across the Atlantic to witness them, they will be framed in agreeable recollections. Such pictures will be carried back in the mind as that seen when *Shamrock* rounded the mark-bout ahead. A great excursion steamer drew alongside *Erin*, her high, terraced-decked sides were black with people cheering and waving hats and handkerchiefs, while the band on board played "The Wearing of the Green," and on the end of *Erin's* bridge, backgrounded against the leaning side of the crowded steamer, stood out the figure of *Shamrock's* owner waving his cap.

GEORGE LYNCH.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER JAMES H. HARE



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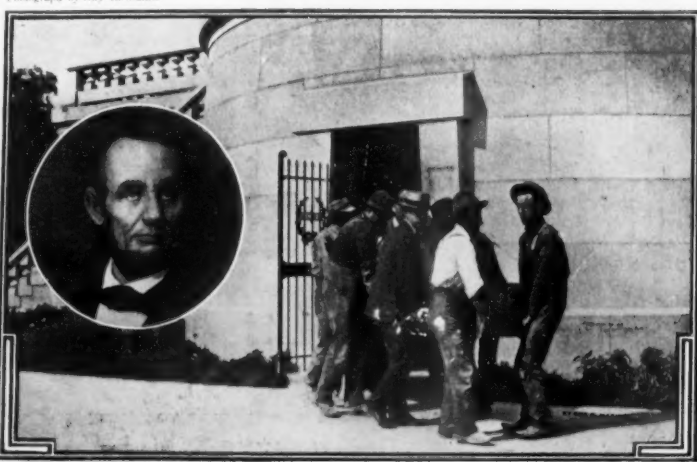


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THE FINAL INTERMENT OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

WHILE the nation's draperies of grief for her last martyred President were still fluttering in the September air, all that is mortal of Abraham Lincoln, first of our chief martyrs, was laid in what is now believed to be its place of final repose. The ceremonial took place at Oakridge Cemetery, Springfield, Illinois, where a noble monument has been reared to the memory of the great Emancipator.

This is the thirteenth time that the casket has been raised from one tomb to be deposited in another. Each removal was thought to be the last. From time to time, however, some reason, valid to the minds of those who have busied themselves in the matter, has arisen for disturbing the remains. Now it is declared there can never again be occasion for changing the resting-place, since the monument that marks it is a worthy one in every respect.

The assassination of President McKinley, occurring in the month chosen for the removal of the Lincoln casket, gave the latter event an unlooked-for prominence. At a conference of the Monument Commissioners, held in the memorial hall of the monument, the matter of opening the casket to the light of day was discussed. The sentiment of some of the commissioners was opposed to such a course, but those who favored it insisted that it should be done for the purpose of identification—to make certain for all time that the casket actually contained the relic so precious to the American people. This view of the matter prevailed. Everybody was excluded from the room except members of the commission and the Lincoln Guard of Honor and the workmen, who had to use chisels to break open the metal casing. It was the first time since May 13, 1887, that the remains had been exposed to view. The features and hands were found in an excellent state of preservation. The formality of identification accomplished, the casket was resealed and the simple ceremonial attending its final lodgment was begun. Workmen bore it on their shoulders and deposited it in the place prepared for it—a bed of iron and masonry fifteen feet below the base of the shaft of the monument.

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MARQUIS ITO

THIS distinguished Japanese statesman is now visiting the United States to study our institutions, and to secure rest and recreation after many years of political labor. He was, until recently, Prime Minister of the Empire, but was compelled to retire from public life because of ill-health.

In speaking on the subject of Russian aggression in the Far East, Marquis Ito stated that he did not consider any steps in the direction now being taken by the Russians to indicate any hostility toward Japan. He asserted that Japan was not opposed to any of the present movements of Russia, and added that the relationships between the two countries were, just at present, on a more satisfactory and friendly basis than they had been for some time past.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES H. HARE AND T. C. TURNER



UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA VS. PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE. STATE COLLEGE CIRCLING UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA'S END

SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR

EDITED BY
WALTER CAMPOCTOBER
FOOT-
BALL
OPENS

SATURDAY'S games humbled the proud spirit of some of the larger teams. Harvard was scored on by Bates, Yale was scored on by Tufts, Pennsylvania was scored on by Pennsylvania State, while Brown was badly defeated by Syracuse.

In addition to these interesting developments, Columbia had a severe struggle with Williams, finally winning by a single touchdown, while Cornell had found an equally stern reality in facing Bucknell. Princeton had an easy win over Haverford, as did Hamilton over Hobart and Lafayette over Susquehanna, the latter, however, scoring. The University of Virginia fairly swamped Roanoke College, and Michigan did the same to Case Scientific. Annapolis and Georgetown locked horns, but without result, as neither side could score. The Indians had a hard match with Dickinson, finally winning out.

The chief game of general importance on Saturday, October 5, was that between Columbia and Williams, for in it was disclosed something of the ability of Columbia's back field, if it prove complete and does not incur further faculty ban. At the same time, there was in this game developed the weakness of the blue and white line, and experts are wondering how Sanford will go about to strengthen that line until it becomes a satisfactory bulwark behind which his backs can do him and themselves credit. Weekes took his old place at half-back when the team appeared on the Polo Grounds for their match with the Massachusetts College. It was he who made the sole score of the game. A fair-sized number of spectators turned out to get a line on Columbia in this its first home game. Columbia had the kick-off, and Bruce sent the ball down to Peabody at the visitors' five-yard line. The kick was immediately returned, and Columbia had her first down close to the middle of the field. Weekes opened the play by a ten-yard gain around the end, and the Columbia team steadily advanced the ball down the field in spite of Willard's fumble, which Weekes cleverly regained. At last Columbia was close to Williams's goal line, but the Massachusetts team at this point made a plucky stand, and held Columbia to four downs, thus securing the ball and taking away Columbia's chance for a touchdown. Williams's first attempt at the rushing game disclosed the weakness of Columbia's line, for Jackarat went through the left for a ten-yard gain. Williams was able, however, to force the ball no further than her own twenty-yard line before Columbia held up the attack and secured the ball. On the first play thereafter Weekes made one of his clever runs, going around Williams's left end and, in spite of the defensive line half and the full-back, hurled himself across the goal line. Bruce failed on the try at goal, thus leaving the score 5-0.

The second half developed further weakness in Columbia's line. Weekes ran back Peabody's kick-off for some fifteen yards, and Morley followed with twelve more. The Williams line held on the next down, and Morley punted down out of bounds at Williams's forty-five-yard line. Then Williams displayed something of her offensive game by taking five yards twice in succession. Williams's right half-back fumbled the ball on the next play after getting quite through the line, which was a fortunate accident for Columbia, for their left tackle, Smythe, fell on the ball. Columbia's full-back, Dougherty, secured a good gain of some twelve yards around the end on a fake, but the umpire called the ball back and gave it to Williams for holding in Columbia's line. Then the visitors made another desperate attempt to tie the score and carried the ball down to Columbia's five-yard line, where, unfortunately for their hopes, they fumbled and lost possession of it once more. Columbia punted, and Williams's backs took off some twenty yards more by the use of end runs. Here Columbia's line became too eager, and they lost another bit of distance at the hands of the umpire, McCracken, for off-side play. Then the blue and white line braced and soon secured the ball on



PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE ON UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA'S 2-YARD LINE



WEEKES, COLUMBIA, HURDLING WILLIAMS'S LINE



QUARTER-BACK WILLARD PASSING BALL TO WEEKES



BEHIND WILLIAMS'S GOAL—PASSING BALL

downs, and had begun to work it up the field when the referee blew his whistle and the game was over. The time of each half was fifteen minutes.

YALE
29
TUFTS
5

Yale's game against Tufts disclosed far better work on the part of the regulars than hitherto this season. In the first half they were steady and fast. The backs went into the line sharply, and the interference was far better, both in formation and force. The first half lasted fifteen minutes, and, at its end, Captain Gould put in several substitutes, making practically a new back field, besides changing most of his line. As the

result proved, it was a disastrous alteration for Yale, for it enabled the minor team to score upon them. Some inference of what was coming made the Yale coaches uneasy, when, in the middle of the second half, Hamlin, who had been placed at centre for Holt, passed the ball directly over Vanderpool, the full-back's head, and this young man was obliged to fall on it on Yale's ten-yard line. Yale took one down to push the ball out a little further, and then snapped it back for a punt once more. The Tufts forwards were through quickly, and Vanderpool kicked it against their outstretched hands, so that it only went about twenty yards, Tufts securing possession, although Oleott, Yale's left guard, made a good try for it. Here Tufts tried a kick from placement, and, had the pass been good, would very likely have scored a goal. As it was, the holder of the ball received it badly from the centre, and could not get it down straight for his kicker, although the Yale forwards gave him a good deal of time, and the ball rolled over the line on his low kick. Then Yale kicked out from twenty-five yards and downed the Tufts men, when they caught the ball. Every one felt the danger was over, and the line stiffened up. Tufts was forced to kick, and punted the ball down to Morris, the Yale substitute quarter. He misjudged the ball and, putting out his hand, struck it, and Chapman, Tufts' speedy left tackle, who was coming down the field, secured it on the bound and ran untouched for the thirty yards remaining, and a touchdown and glory. Tufts failed to kick the goal, but five points against Yale was enough to send them home well pleased. The final score was 29-5.

Cornell caught a Tartar in Bucknell. The visitors came out with a strong, sturdy team, every man of which meant business. It was decided to play two halves, one of fifteen and one of ten minutes. Bucknell used her line men back among the backs on offence in a fashion similar to the attack of Pennsylvania, and the Ithacans found difficulty at times in holding it; but, on the whole, their defence was fairly good. Bucknell displayed unusual ability, however, in holding the Cornell attack, and there were many fumbles by both sides. After about seven minutes of the first half, Cornell's half-backs carried the ball down to Bucknell's five-yard line, but here Bucknell's defence developed, and they held Cornell for downs, thus gaining possession of the ball. When, however, they attempted to punt it, the Cornell line was through too quickly for them, blocked the punt, and Cornell's right end secured the ball for a touchdown. This proved the only score of the game, and as Coffin converted the try into a goal, the final score was 6-0.

HARVARD
16
BATES
6

Harvard, in one fifteen and one ten minute half, managed to run up some sixteen points against Bates, but what grieved them as much as it did Yale at New Haven was the fact that the minor college succeeded in scoring. The Harvard team had been instructed to let themselves out and run up a score, but Bates put up such a stout opposition to this plan that the Harvard eleven could not carry it out beyond getting over three times. Bates was unexpectedly happy at the final result, because, like Tufts at New Haven, they had not expected to do more than hold the score down. As at New Haven

also, there was no suspicion of the possibility of the visitors scoring until toward the very end of the game—in fact, in this case, the timekeepers were almost watching the seconds when the play was made. It happened in this wise: Swan, who had been substituted in the half-back line for Derby, fumbled the ball and Bates's right end, Blake, secured it, his tackle interfering for him, and almost before Harvard knew what had happened, he was lying on the ground behind the goal line for a touchdown. The goal was kicked, and Bates had run up six points on Harvard. On the whole, with the exception of fumbling, Harvard's play was good. Bates played a clever game, making several tries with drop-kicks and working fakes with a good deal of assurance.

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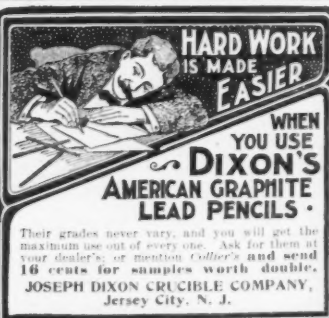
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WILLIAMS ON COLUMBIA'S 3 YARD LINE

PENNSYLVANIA 23
PENNSYLVANIA STATE 6

Pennsylvania showed very decided improvement in her offense on the occasion of meeting the Pennsylvania State team. Like Yale and Harvard, however, she was scored upon; but that, in view of the green team, was more or less expected. Pennsylvania used the old tandem plays with considerable success, and, on the whole, her attack quite came up to the anticipations of her supporters. Her defense, however, is still painfully weak, and the score made by Pennsylvania State was earned by steady runs for some fifty yards. The final score was 23-6.

CARLISLE 16
DICKINSON 11

The Indians had a game that might be classed as excellent experience on the occasion of the visit of Dickinson. The playing was fierce, but the Indians had more the better of it than would appear by the score. They earned their sixteen points by hard, aggressive attack, while one of Dickinson's touchdowns came from a fumble by the Indians, which gave Stanton of Dickinson a chance to run half the length of the field for a score.

AMHERST 6
WORCESTER TECH. 0

Amherst did not show as great promise against the Worcester Institute of Technology as they had displayed against Yale earlier in the week. This, however, is to be largely accounted for by the fact that the Yale game had taken a good deal of life out of the men. Amherst held Technology without score and made one touchdown from which a goal was kicked.

SYRACUSE 20
BROWN 0

Brown had the most disappointing Saturday of all. Syracuse brought down a team well drilled, aggressive and stiff on the defense, and in Wier they have a runner of great promise. His spectacular play, in which he ran through the great majority of the length of the field for a touchdown, was one of the most sensational ever made on Providence ground. The final score was 20-0 in favor of Syracuse. Brown gradually weakened under the punishment.

ANNAPOLIS 0
GEORGETOWN 0

Annapolis and Georgetown played two fifteen-minute halves, in which the nearest either side could come to scoring was some twenty yards from the opposing goal. Annapolis actually carried the ball once just inside of Georgetown's twenty-yard line, but were here held for downs. Neither side displayed any very great amount of power in offense.

BROWN 16
COLBY 0

On Wednesday, October 3, Brown defeated Colby at Providence, 16-0, making two touchdowns in the first half and one in the second, having for the most part forced the play. At the very end of the game, however, Colby seemed to get going and carried the ball from the middle of the field up to Brown's five-yard line, but here, in the very last minute of play, Brown held them to four points.

INDIANS 5
GETTYSBURG 6

The Carlisle Indians found all the trouble they were looking for when they met Gettysburg. In the first half of thirty minutes, the Indians, by hard work, secured five points, but in the second half Gettysburg secured a touchdown from which a goal was kicked, thus kicking them a victory by a score of 6-5. It was, indeed, a setback for the Indians, but will bring them along and do them good in the end.

CORNELL 50
ROCHESTER 0

Cornell had much the same sort of game with Rochester that Princeton had on the same day with Villa Nova, the visiting team being practically lifeless. The Ithaca team ran up thirty-three points in the first half and seventeen in the second.

Cornell showed marked improvement, however, in her runs around the ends and through the tackles. Coffin did the punting from right half-back and got off very fair kicks. The times of the halves were fifteen and ten minutes. Last year, Cornell beat Rochester 6-0 some three days later in the year.

LAFAYETTE 40
URSINUS 0

Lafayette also had a mark in Ursinus. Last year they beat this same team on the last of September, 35-0. This year they ran up five points more, making it 40-0. The visitors were weak, but there was a good opportunity to see the work of Lafayette's line, and it certainly looks promising. The times of the halves were, the first seventeen minutes and the second fifteen minutes.

ANNUAL INTER-COLLEGIATE TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP

The Twenty-first Annual Intercollegiate Tennis Tournament, held on the courts of the Merion Cricket Club at Haverford, Pennsylvania, October 1, 2, and 3, was a successful ending to a season of remarkable activity. Harvard, Yale, Princeton, University of Pennsylvania, Columbia, and Amherst were represented.

In the singles, three Princeton men succeeded in placing themselves in the semi-finals without much difficulty, where Ogden won a hard fought match from Shafer and Alexander defeated Mahan of Columbia in straight sets. The finals brought out the best tennis of the tournament, and although Alexander won from Ogden by a score of 6-2, 6-3, 6-1, the play was very close. Alexander was remarkably fast and accurate, and he passed his opponent frequently.

The real surprise of the week was the defeat of Alexander and Ogden of Princeton—who were scheduled to win the doubles—by Blagden and Roche of Harvard. The latter started off at whirlwind speed and swept the Princetonians off their feet by their severity, allowing them but three games in two sets. The other matches placed the other Harvard and the two Yale teams in the semi-finals, where Plummer and Russell of Yale defeated Leonard and Warland of Harvard 6-3, 6-4, and Blagden and Roche of Harvard defeated Condit and Galpin of Yale 6-2, 1-6, 6-3. The finals were very exciting, and each set went to the team which first broke through their opponents' serve. The Yale men displayed better team work, and the combination of Russell's lobbing with Plummer's passing stroke was victorious over Roche's smashing and Blagden's strong service by a score of 6-4, 5-7, 6-2, 6-4.

The Intercollegiate Cup, which is to become the property of the college first winning seven points, now bears three points for Princeton and one for Yale.

One of the most suggestive features of the meeting was the expulsion of Trinity College of Hartford for non-payment of dues. It was Trinity that originally started the intercollegiate tennis meetings, and it was on their grounds at Hartford that the initial meeting was held. The officers elected for the succeeding year were President Plummer of Yale, Vice-President Leonard of Harvard, and Delegate to the National Association Mahon of Columbia.

The most exciting contest marked the match between Darby of Aronimink and Bergner of St. Davis at a recent tournament near Philadelphia.

Darby is the man spoken of in these columns a few weeks ago for record breaking at Atlantic City just previous to the national tournament. In this match against Bergner, it certainly looked as though defeat was certain for the Aronimink man, for Bergner was dormy 2 when starting for the seventeenth hole. This Darby won in 5 to 6, and going to the eighteenth Bergner, who should have been satisfied with a half played to win, got into the creek, and they finished up the eighteenth holes all square. The first extra hole was halved in 4, the second in 5, the third in 4, the fourth in 4, and by this time the gallery at least was ready to draw a long breath. On the next hole Darby finally pulled it out with a 5 to Bergner's 6.

WALTER CAMP.



Photograph by J. C. Purdy

MISS ELLEN A. STONE

A MISSIONARY IN CAPTIVITY

THE ABDUCTION of Miss Ellen A. Stone, an American missionary, by Bulgarian brigands promises to lead to a diplomatic dispute between the United States and Turkey, and threatens to cost Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria his throne. Ferdinand is blamed for the political phase of the kidnapping, and a revolution may be the result.

Miss Stone was captured on Turkish territory. Her station was at Salonika, and while returning to that place from Bania, fell into the trap laid by the brigands and, with one companion, was carried into Bulgaria. Her abductors at first declared that unless a ransom of \$110,000 was paid by noon on October 9, Miss Stone would be put to death.

At noon on October 9 only half the amount of the ransom had been raised, notwithstanding the broadcast appeal to Christian America. The American Board of Foreign Missions, who sent Miss Stone to her station in the Levant, refused to pay the money to save her life; and yet the coffers of this Board are well filled. The reason given for its refusal was that the payment of the ransom would encourage the brigands to kidnap other missionaries, and that this one woman's life must therefore be sacrificed, if need be, for the many. It seems that Christian America did not agree with this reasoning, for on October 9 all the money raised, about \$55,000, was sent to the United States agent in Turkey, and the brigands extended the time of payment to November 9.



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